

The English Literature Library

EDITED BY R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON

GROUP I. THE NOVEL

II. SOME LITTLE TALES

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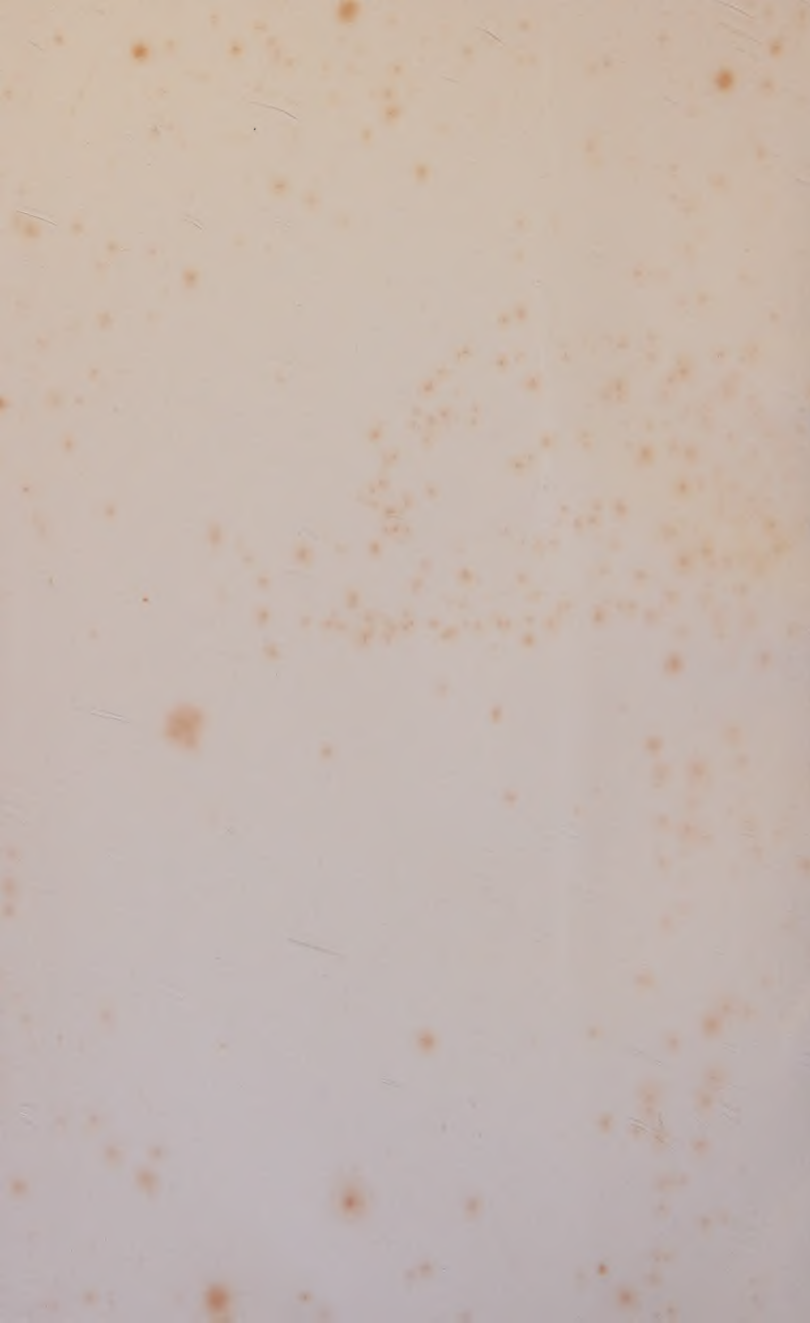
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THE ENGLISH LITERATURE LIBRARY

GROUP I. THE NOVEL

Volume II

SOME LITTLE TALES

THE ENGLISH LITERATURE LIBRARY

A series of group-selections, illustrating the development of English Literature. Edited, with Introductions, notes and tables of the chief books and writers, by R. Brimley Johnson.

Group I. THE NOVEL

- i. THE BIRTH OF ROMANCE
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Euphues, The Arcadia, etc.
- ii. SOME LITTLE TALES
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The Domestic Novel
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- vi. ROMANCE IN HISTORY
The National Novel
Scott, Edgeworth, etc.

SOME LITTLE TALES

from

STEELE, ADDISON, JOHNSON
THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE
CONGREVE AND FARQUHAR

SELECTED

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON

LONDON

JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD LTD.

SOME LITTLE TALES

STELLA ARBON DORRIS
THE BRIGHT GEMINATE
COMPLETE AND FARGOAS

First printed in 1928

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN
BY R. & R. CLARK, LIMITED, EDINBURGH

GROUP I. THE NOVEL

GENERAL PREFACE

THIS "Novel" group, while—obviously—not covering every form or phase of English fiction, represents the main stages of development from the Elizabethan beginnings to the dawn of the nineteenth century.

I. Though at first more concerned to discourse on virtue and love than to tell a tale, the romance-writers used characterization and narrative—clear in episodes, but rambling and discursive in plot.

Writing chiefly for Court ladies and the wits they drew persons from ideals, not from life; left nature far behind in search of adventure and the marvellous; and wrapped their thought in elaborate ornaments of style.

Imitators of *Euphues* and the *Arcadia* elaborated the plot with crowded adventure or intrigue; but exaggerated the false sentiment, artificial language and heroics, to the wildest extremes.

II. While Puritan rule almost banished all artistic expression, the Restoration, inevitably, brought with it more leisure from exhortation and more desire to consider manners and art. As reaction had produced licence—in the dramatic form now once more predominant—the essayists, or thinkers, were again seeking a way at once to please and improve. Discarding both the affected-romantic, and serious-Puritan discourse, they revived the story for edification, in short tales (chiefly dramatized from the old type-Characters of Butler and Overbury), which are the first true English stories—not yet attaining full characterization or plot, but faithfully drawn from life.

III. This persuasive form of fiction, however, was not immediately developed; for, directly following Addison and Steele, a complete novel was produced—in more startling contrast to romance, and more directly subject to Puritan influences, though not always in the direction that Puritanism could approve.

Whereas some Elizabethans (while Romance was fashionable) had drawn criminals straight from life, the story-writers now discovered an extreme form of literal realism, worked up by Defoe with a richness of detail that told the truth by lying—in fictions pretending to be narratives of fact. Swift, more cynically, affects the same

device in political allegory; and Bunyan, to save souls, tells plain tales of simple folk.

Caring not at all for brave knights and fair ladies, these men simply ignore romance; writing in plain, vigorous English, as preachers or pressmen, for the people—to uphold and uplift the under-dog; hating the hypocrisy and oppressions of the Great.

Without intention, they produced, each, an immortal classic for children.

IV. It was a printer, producer of books, who discovered the final fiction form. Seeing the dangerous, and exciting, influence of false ideals in romance, Richardson carefully built up—the novel from observation of real life. Fielding caught the idea, from the artist's outlook, determining to offer the public a rich banquet comedy of human nature, in true histories, not lying tales: and realism, correcting romance, secured a command, never afterwards relinquished, of the literary field. In this first generation of novelists, ready writers like Sterne and Smollett invented variations of the now popular form.

V. By what seems almost an accident, Fanny Burney discovered a new way of looking at life, the purely feminine; and, greatly daring, wrote down gay stories of her secret thoughts. The more intimate realism of the domestic novel,

unheroic, unadventurous, but mainly humorous, pictures of daily life, was invented—to find its master in Jane Austen's supreme art.

VI. Inevitably other specializations of fiction were now due to meet the rapidly growing demand. As Defoe had gone off the line to extreme realism, Scott suddenly revived the full glory of romance; no longer indeed artificial or false in sentiment and deed, but once more leaving his own people and his own times for a more heroic past, historically architected. The historical, or national, novel was born.

R. B. J.

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INTRODUCTION

I

“ROMANCES”, wrote Congreve, “are generally compos’d of the constant loves and invincible courages of heroes, heroines, kings and queens; mortals of the first rank and so forth; where lofty language, miraculous contingencies and impossible performances, elevate and surprize the reader into a giddy delight which leaves him flat upon the ground wherever he gives off, and vexes him to think how he has suffer’d himself to be pleased and transported, concerned and afflicted at the several passages which he has read, viz., these knights’ success to their Damosel’s misfortunes and such like, when he is forced to be very well convinc’d that ’tis all a lye.

“*Novels* are of a more familiar nature; come near to us, and represent to us intrigues in practice, delight us with accidents and odd events, but not such as are wholly unreasonable or unprecedented, which not being so distant from our belief bring also the pleasure nearer us.

“Romances give more wonder, novels more delight.”

The essential distinctions between fiction and romance are beginning to be clearly understood, and some fairly definite vision of the true “novel”, so soon to emerge full-grown in its final form. Congreve’s imagination had shown him natural dialogue in narrative form; but actually the first

step towards modern story-telling was achieved by Steele and the essayists in those exquisite vignette character-sketches—but slightly resembling the old, stiff “Characters” of Overbury and Samuel Butler—of the *Tatler* and its more literary successors; in their dainty little tales, remembered and briefly retold from classic and Eastern legends; their moral allegories; their scenes or anecdotes reflecting the manners of the times.

Steele, like Defoe or Richardson, may be called the Father of the domestic novel: he certainly invented the short story or “magazine page” of the periodicals. And what Steele achieved, somewhat casually, with perfectly natural life and emotion, Addison polished into a cultured fine art. They turned heroes and heroines into men and women: they enriched narrative with humour and thought.

The scenes and character-sketches of the periodicals do not actually create fiction, when one man or group of men is followed up during the weeks on different occasions, even to death. But they achieve parts or features of the novel, far in advance of any earlier, regular, constructed tales.

Primarily because they are drawn from life in every detail, and the *dramatis personæ* are individual human beings. In the machinery of Romance names were used to differentiate the actors, but, in actual fact, we knew little more than before of the “masked knight” or the “constant maid”, when disclosed Hippolytus and

Palmeira. They were no more than puppets who played the part assigned to them in the plot, fixed before a word was written, unchanging to the end, never in any sense alive.

The persons of Steele or Addison are, naturally, typical, but never mere types. Jenny Distaff, Sir Roger de Coverley and his friends, even the shadowy and silent observer (the I of the piece), have a personality no reader can fail to recognize from the first, however shadowy the outlines, however few the scenes in which they appear. These, again, are the familiar people of everyday experience, crossing our path at every turn, no way pledged to any kind of heroics or adventure.

Steele discovered the Coffee House as a centre of life, the natural arena for undress conduct and conversation; wherein the citizen-tradesman or country gentleman, now rapidly growing to power in the State, was most entirely himself; whether in serious controversy or genial interchange of wit.

Taste and learning were no longer confined to Courts and Universities: the temporary control of Puritan yeomanry had been thrown off; and it was this new public opinion, as yet largely unformed because not used to co-operation or the free interchange of opinion, that the moralists and thinkers of their generation here sought to please and guide.

The *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, the *Lover*, and their imitators are each in their turn presented to us as

an imaginary Club—of which different members shall each deal with their own topics. Steele, at any rate, had further observed the characteristics, or human grouping, of different Coffee Houses, and often directs his paper from White's or The Grecian to indicate the "set" of which he would be writing, to which he would, more particularly, appeal.

There is nearly always a moral behind the entertainment (as, indeed, virtue, or if need be repentance, was destined for long to form a background to the English novel), but of a practical almost homely kind, quite other than the "perfections" or false "simplicities" of romance: on the one hand lightly ridiculing the extremes of idle fashion; stern enough, on the other, against the prevailing vices of gaming, seduction and infidelity.

II

In style, however, the most important innovation of Addison and Steele was their use of humour; as in thought, they are most revolutionary in their respect for women.

Euphues, of course, exists by wit: Sydney could play with words like a master. But to have smiled, and raised a smile, at their own ideals of character or faith, to have exposed their villains by derision, would have been for them a sacrilege indeed. But Sir Roger we know and love because he is so deliciously absurd; the heart of him shines

through his innocent eccentricities of conduct and conversation. Here, too, we see into the sins of the age, by laughing at its folly.

Steele, as Thackeray remarked, "was the first of our writers who really seemed to admire and understand women. . . . It was he who first began to pay manly homage to their goodness and understanding as well as to their tenderness and beauty." Even when reproaching them for love of finery or scandal, the *Spectator* is clearly moved by thoughts of how much better and finer a woman can be than she chooses to appear; and the ideal is immeasurably in advance of that lip service so elegantly expressed by the romancist, whose heroine is at once a slave, an angel, and a doll.

Neither Addison nor Steele appears consciously influenced by the remarkable group of women, not all blue-stocking, whose discovery of themselves as independent and thinking human beings was to prove one of the outstanding events of the eighteenth century.

Steele understood women—as did Fielding—through wife-worship; and something feminine in Addison combined with culture to guide his pen.

How fundamental a part the gift of humour, and the understanding of woman, were to prove in the development of the English novel it is not necessary to point out.

III

We can, however, find some isolated glimpses of the natural or domestic novel before the *Tatler*; which should not be altogether ignored.

That eccentric but brilliant and well-meaning lady, the "thrice noble and illustrious Princess, Marchioness of Newcastle", commonly called the Duchess, produced much literature in many moods of which three volumes contain at least some material of fiction. Her *Description of a new World, called the Blazing World* is only one of the countless travel-tales, or rather descriptions of Utopian imagination, designed to convey propaganda with little or no attempt at narrative. But the *CCXI Sociable Letters* are dramatic; that is, written by imaginary correspondents, to express character and point manners; a form of fiction used by the essayists, perfected by Richardson, and for long a favourite of the later novelists; while the *Natures pictures drawn by Fancies pencil to the Life*, designed "to express the humours of mankind and the actions of men's lives", contain, with a good deal of muddled philosophy, a few exquisitely amusing vignette-dialogues and little tales, that reveal a genuine instinct of characterization; and some allegories of vivid and dramatic imaginations; which have been almost entirely overlooked. Her philosophy is justly dismissed as illogical and obscure, her theories were disordered and prejudiced; but in simple, direct narrative, she *could*

command a rapid and smooth style that was unique in her day and like her lyric verse, at its best, deserves high praise.

Within a few years of the publication of *Natures Pictures*, the dramatists Congreve and Farquhar, again, produced each a fiction vignette; little more than experiments indeed, but still a sign of the conquest in store for novel-writing over the fashion of drama-writing, to which—in their turn—both Steele and Addison succumbed. It was, in fact, the only way to earn either reputation or reward from the pen, though now soon destined to eclipse.

Both the *Incognita* (lately reissued) of Congreve and Farquhar's *Adventures of Covent Garden* are, actually, more complete novels, by way of plot and construction, than those so far discussed; though otherwise more old-fashioned and of far less literary merit. They are imagined as plays and built upon intrigue. The characterization is elementary or impersonal; and the situations commonplace, that is, mere repetitions of names changed, men playing the woman, friends mistaken for husbands; all of which occur, for example, in the *Arcadia*, with equal improbability, travestying real life; and were worked to death on the Restoration stage.

Yet the tales are unconsciously pioneer, and both writers preface their tales with illuminating comments; which shew, at least, some faint anticipation of the reforms at hand.

There is a good deal of romance left in the *Incognita*. Juliana herself and Leonora are but heroines, physically perfect in beauty, wittily learned in love. The dialogue, as in the plays, but slightly modernizes the intricate word-play of Euphues itself. Farquhar has less, indeed scarcely any, romance; but also less humanity. He merely uses the coarser gallantry of his generation to create situations that fool the hero and provoke mirth.

Only here are at least the types, given name-labels, of the "fashionables" whom Steele and Addison sought to deride: Congreve's rather surviving from knighthood and the Courts of Love, Farquhar's the fake-gallant copying the airs and graces of chivalry without its loyalty to a code—both out of place, and of evil influence, in an emerging citizen class.

Yet they have both achieved the novel-form, as it were before its time: both tell a tale of direct narrative, skilfully led to its appointed end, built round a central figure and scene; with a sense for proportion and perspective quite unknown to the rambling adventures of romance, where events merely follow each other without sequence or plan. Congreve, again, is first novelist to play Showman to his human puppets.

It may, in fact, be said that the modernity of the dramatists was rather intellectual than of feeling or imagination. The contrast of their manner to Steele's certainly confirms the "noble

difference " claimed by Gay between him " and all the rest of our polite and gallant authors ".

" The latter have endeavoured to please the age by falling in with them and encouraging them in their vices and false notions of things. It would have been a jest, some time since, for a man to have asserted that anything witty could be said in praise of the married state, or that devotion and virtue were anyway necessary to the character of a fine gentleman. Bickerstaff ventured to tell the town that they were a parcel of fops, fools, and vain coquets; but in such a manner as even pleased them, and made them more half inclined to believe that he spoke truth."

Steele and Addison, naturally, had many imitators; but it was not until much later that any writer deserving attention produced miscellaneous essays we care to read—long after the Novel had been established. In earlier efforts the didactic element or mere scandal-mongering prevailed over the graceful humour and persuasive culture, with disastrous results. Even the *Idler* of Dr. Johnson, the most worthy, and to be remembered because it was his, is in comparison somewhat laboured and verbose. His single attempt at a short story cannot be neglected; but, here too, he scarcely achieves charm.

Yet *Rasselas*, despite its careful philosophy and lengthy dialogue, is a simple narrative of real human beings who enter into the affairs of daily life. The virtuous Prince and his more observant, though more emotional, sister, are dissatisfied, as they might well be, with the idle luxury of the

so-called "Happy Valley". After a curiously brief, and somewhat childish, experiment with a flying machine that will not fly (though other writers had at least *imagined* success in such an invention) they escape into the workaday world of commerce and frivolity, seeking, as all men seek, the road to Happiness, failing, as all men fail, to find a way. There is, of course, no regular plot and very little action; but Johnson, as always, reveals an outlook of shrewd common sense and faces reality without fear. The conviction of universal folly may be called cynical or sad, as you will; but there is a straightforward moral courage in the decisions with which the royal young persons conclude their quest, that is eminently characteristic of Johnson himself.

IV

Shortly after the novels of Congreve and Farquhar, at the dawn of the eighteenth century, a forgotten little volume was issued from the "Dolphin and Crown" in St. Paul's Churchyard, wherein were sold "all sorts of plays and novels", called *The Adventures of Lindamira*, a Lady of Quality.

The story is told in "Letters", supposed to be written by the lady herself "to her friend in the country; revised and corrected by Mr. Thomas Brown".

This is, in fact, the first regular tale told in letters; and is specifically described by the author

as a record of “*domestic* intrigues, managed according to the humours of the Town, and the natural temper of the inhabitants of this island”; —not, “the feign’d adventures of fabulous knight-errantry”.

The whole “Preface”, indeed, reveals a remarkable similarity of aim and method to most of the characteristics we have seen emerging at this period.

“Though amorous intrigues are commonly charged with vanity and folly; yet when they are calculated according to the measures of virtue and decency they are equally instructive and diverting. To expose vice, and disappoint vanity; to reward virtue and crown constancy with success, is no disserviceable aim. All virtuous readers must needs be pleas’d to see the virtuous and constant *Lindamira* carried with success through a sea of misfortunes, and at last married up to her wishes. Not to mention the strokes of wit, the agreeable and innocent turns, and the just characters of men and things that drop from her artless pen.

“If the histories of foreign amours and scenes laid beyond the seas, where unknown customs bear the greatest figure, have met with the approbation of English readers; ’tis presum’d that *domestic intrigues*, manag’d according to the humours of the Town, and the natural temper of the inhabitants of this Island, will be at least equally grateful. But above all the weight of truth, and the importance of real matters of fact, ought to over-balance the feign’d adventures of fabulous knight-errantry.”

The open pretence, we are clearly not expected to believe, of narrating *fact* is here maintained, as

it was by Congreve; and the style has not altogether discarded decoration.

But it has a regular, compact and well-constructed plot, save for the interpolated story of Doralisa—no more a digression than Fielding's "Man of the Hill". The characterization is natural and dramatic; the lively miniature sketches of the "Beauish Sparks", the "Fantastical Fop", and the "Methodical Coxcomb", reflect and expose the fashions in the very manner of Addison and Steele; from which the curious will be interested to trace that "science" in which "some were then great proficient—the scurrilous barter of pawning clothes for tobacco and brandy".

The author, moreover, has a shrewd hit at euphuism in his description of a fop who "expressed his sentiments in such abominable far-fetch'd metaphors, with incoherent fragments out of novels and romances, that I thought he had been really distracted"; though he himself approaches the old manner in describing the lady; who "was raving mad by fits, and when the phrenzy was in her brain, one night designed to complete her character of being a notorious woman by attempting to murder her husband".

Lindamira is professedly, and actually, written for "The Town"; but it also reveals a decided intellectually exclusive outlook. The heroine, striving to forget her miseries in solitude, yet found "it no small diversion to hear the awkward, ill-contrived compliments, that the clowns made

on the little beauty of their mistresses; and their piping, squeaking, and dancing before 'em; and now and then out of abundance of love, I should see these two-handed clod-pates carry home their milk-pails for 'em ”.

Similarly the hero, seeking distraction from his despair, sought relief “ among a savage, unbred, sort of two-legged brutes, in Wales ”.

For our author, clearly “ the Town ” has become the hub of the world: everything without the gates of an inferior clay.

Mr. Brown did not actually invent the letter-form for fiction, or half-fiction, narrative as the Duchess of Newcastle's *CCXI Sociable Letters*, also designed to reveal “ humours ”, remain to prove; and Mrs. Manley began her prose fiction with *A Letter from a supposed Nun in Portugal*, and her lively *Stage-coach Journey to Exeter* (1696), probably founded on an adventure of her own, includes some dramatic sketches of typical village folk.

Yet, in every aspect, of form and manner, *Lindamira* at once precedes and foretells, as it were, the direction of development from romance, through detached tales, characters, or scenes, to the true novel. It is actually better reading than almost anything that had gone before; and, though in no sense artistically distinguished, achieved a very easy and natural style.

V

When Samuel Croxall prepared his *Select Collection of Novels* (mostly translated), in 1720, he declared that "no novel should have a place which could possibly offend the gravity of the Aged, or the modesty of the young".

So had the Duchess of Newcastle described the "design of these my feigned stories—to present Virtue, the Muses leading her, the Graces attending her. Likewise to defend Innocency, to help the distressed, and lament the unfortunate. . . . I have described many sorts of passions, humours, behaviours, actions, accidents, misfortunes, governments, laws, customs, peace, wars, climates, situations, arts, and sciences . . . with the oil-colours of poetry, the watery colours of prose."

This feeling for humanity, in situations covering the whole of life, was to prove the keynote of fiction; as the love of virtue, a true source of pleasure and charm, was to colour its character-drawing.

Practically all the "elements" of the novel have been discovered, as Defoe was to combine them, on somewhat special lines, till Richardson and Fielding were destined, side by side, to achieve from them the perfect, final form: the English Novel, completed for immortality.

R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

FROM *SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY*

A GENTLEMAN OF WORCESTERSHIRE

Ast Alii sex
Et plures uno conclamant ore.—JUV.

THE first of our Society is a Gentleman of *Worcestershire*, of ancient Descent, a Baronet, his Name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great Grandfather was Inventor of that famous Country-Dance which is called after him. All who know that Shire are very well acquainted with the Parts and Merits of Sir Roger. He is a Gentleman that is very singular in his Behaviour, but his Singularities proceed from his good Sense, and are Contradictions to the Manners of the World, only as he thinks the World is in the wrong. However, this Humour creates him no Enemies, for he does nothing with Sourness or Obstinacy; and his being unconfined to Modes and Forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town he lives in *Soho Square*: It is said, he keeps himself a Bachelor by reason he was crossed in Love by a perverse beautiful Widow of the next County to him. Before this

Disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine Gentleman, had often supped with my Lord *Rochester* and Sir *George Etherege*, fought a Duel upon his first coming to Town, and kicked Bully *Dawson* in a public Coffee-house for calling him Youngster. But being ill-used by the above-mentioned Widow, he was very serious for a Year and a half; and though his Temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself and never dressed afterwards; he continues to wear a Coat and Doublet of the same Cut that were in Fashion at the Time of his Repulse, which, in his merry Humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve Times since he first wore it. 'Tis said Sir Roger grew humble in his Desires after he had forgot this cruel Beauty, insomuch that it is reported he has frequently offended in Point of Chastity with Beggars and Gipsies: but this is looked upon by his Friends rather as Matter of Raillery than Truth. He is now in his Fifty-sixth Year, cheerful, gay, and hearty, keeps a good House in both Town and Country; a great Lover of Mankind; but there is such a mirthful Cast in his Behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His Tenants grow rich, his Servants look satisfied, all the young Women profess Love to him, and the young Men are glad of his Company: When he comes into a House he calls the Servants by their Names, and talks all the way Up Stairs to a Visit. I must not omit that Sir

Roger is a Justice of the *Quorum*; that he fills the chair at a Quarter-Session with great Abilities, and three Months ago, gained universal Applause by explaining a Passage in the Game-Act.

THE WIDOW

Hærent infixi pectore vultus.—VIRG.

IN my first Description of the Company in which I pass most of my Time, it may be remembered that I mentioned a great Affliction which my Friend Sir Roger had met with in his Youth; which was no less than a Disappointment in Love. It happened this Evening, that we fell into a very pleasing Walk at a Distance from his House: As soon as we came into it, “It is, quoth the good Old Man, looking round him with a Smile, very hard, that any Part of my Land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse Widow did; and yet I am sure I could not see a Sprig of any Bough of this whole Walk of Trees, but I should reflect upon her and her Severity. She has certainly the finest Hand of any Woman in the World. You are to know this was the Place wherein I used to muse upon her; and by that Custom I can never come into it, but the same tender Sentiments revive in my Mind, as if I had actually walked with that Beautiful Creature under these Shades. I have been Fool enough to carve her Name on the Bark of several of these Trees; so unhappy is the

Condition of Men in Love, to attempt the removing of their Passion by the Methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest Hand of any Woman in the World."

Here followed a profound Silence; and I was not displeased to observe my Friend falling so naturally into a Discourse, which I had ever before taken Notice he industriously avoided. After a very long Pause he entered upon an Account of this great Circumstance in his Life, with an Air which I thought raised my Idea of him above what I had ever had before; and gave me the Picture of that cheerful Mind of his, before it received that Stroke which has ever since affected his Words and Actions. But he went on as follows.

"I came to my Estate in my Twenty Second Year, and resolved to follow the Steps of the most Worthy of my Ancestors who have inhabited this Spot of Earth before me, in all the Methods of Hospitality and good Neighbourhood, for the sake of my Fame; and in Country Sports and Recreations, for the sake of my Health. In my Twenty Third Year I was obliged to serve as Sheriff of the County; and in my Servants, Officers and whole Equipage, indulged the Pleasure of a young Man (who did not think ill of his own Person) in taking that public Occasion of shewing my Figure and Behaviour to Advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what Appearance I made, who am pretty tall,

[rid] well, and was very well dressed, at the Head of a whole County, with Music before me, a Feather in my Hat, and my Horse well Bitted. I can assure you I was not a little pleased with the kind Looks and Glances I had from all the Balconies and Windows as I rode to the Hall where the Assizes were held. But when I came there, a Beautiful Creature in a Widow's Habit sat in Court to hear the Event of a Cause concerning her Dower. This commanding Creature (who was born for Destruction of all who behold her) put on such a Resignation in her Countenance, and bore the Whispers of all around the Court with such a pretty Uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one Eye to another, till she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a Murrain to her, she cast her bewitching Eye upon me. I no sooner met it, but I bowed like a great surprised Booby; and knowing her Cause to be the first which came on, I cried, like a Captivated Calf as I was, Make way for the Defendant's Witnesses. This sudden Partiality made all the County immediately see the Sheriff also was become a Slave to the fine Widow. During the Time her Cause was upon Trial, she behaved herself, I warrant you, with such a deep Attention to her Business, took Opportunities to have little Billets handed to her Council, then would be in such a pretty Confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so

much Company, that not only I but the whole Court was prejudiced in her Favour; and all that the next Heir to her Husband had to urge, was thought so groundless and frivolous, that when it came to her Council to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the Court thought he could have urged to her Advantage. You must understand, Sir, this perverse Woman is one of those unaccountable Creatures, that secretly rejoice in the Admiration of Men, but indulge themselves in no further Consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a Train of Admirers, and she removes from her Slaves in Town to those in the Country, according to the Seasons of the Year. She is a reading Lady, and far gone in the Pleasures of Friendship; She is always accompanied by a Confidant, who is Witness to her daily Protestations against our Sex, and consequently a Bar to her first Steps towards Love, upon the Strength of her own Maxims and Declarations.

“ However, I must needs say this accomplished Mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir Roger de Coverley was the Tamest and most Human of all the Brutes in the Country. I was told she said so, by one who thought he rallied me; but upon the Strength of this slender Encouragement, of being thought least detestable, I made new Liveries, new paired my Coach-Horses, sent them all to Town to be bitted, and taught to

throw their Legs well, and move all together, before I pretended to cross the Country and wait upon her. As soon as I thought my Retinue suitable to the Character of my Fortune and Youth, I set out from hence to make my Addresses. The particular Skill of this Lady has ever been to inflame your Wishes, and yet command Respect. To make her Mistress of this Art, she has a greater Share of Knowledge, Wit, and good Sense, than is usual even among Men of Merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the Race of Women. If you won't let her go on with a certain Artifice with her Eyes, and the Skill of Beauty, she will arm herself with her real Charms, and strike you with Admiration instead of Desire. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole Woman, there is that Dignity in her Aspect, that Composure in her Motion, that Complacency in her Manner, that if her Form makes you hope, her Merit makes you fear. But then again, she is such a desperate Scholar, that no Country-Gentleman can approach her without being a Jest. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her House I was admitted to her Presence with great Civility; at the same time she placed herself to be first seen by me in such an Attitude, as I think you call the Posture of a Picture, that she discovered new Charms, and I at last came towards her with such an Awe as made me Speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her Advantage of it, and

began a Discourse to me concerning Love and Honour, as they both are followed by Pretenders, and the real Votaries to them. When she [had] discussed these Points in a Discourse, which I verily believe was as learned as the best Philosopher in *Europe* could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my Sentiments on these important Particulars. Her Confidant sat by her, and upon my being in the last Confusion and Silence, this malicious Aid of hers, turning to her, says, I am very glad to observe Sir Roger pauses upon this Subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his Sentiments upon the Matter when he pleases to speak. They both kept their Countenances, and after I had sat half an Hour meditating how to behave before such profound Casuists, I rose up and took my Leave. Chance has since that time thrown me very often in her Way, and she as often has directed a Discourse to me which I do not understand. This Barbarity has kept me ever at a Distance from the most beautiful Object my Eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all Mankind, and you must make Love to her, as you would conquer the Sphinx, by posing her. But were she like other Women, and that there were any talking to her, how constant must the Pleasure of that Man be, who could converse with a Creature— But, after all, you may be sure her Heart is fixed on some one or other; and yet I have been credibly informed; but who can

believe half that is said! After she had done speaking to me, she put her Hand to her Bosom, and adjusted her Tucker. Then she cast her Eyes a little down, upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently: her Voice in her ordinary Speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a public Table the Day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some Tansy in the Eye of all the Gentlemen in the Country: She has certainly the finest Hand of any Woman in the World. I can assure you, Sir, were you to behold her, you would be in the same Condition; for as her Speech is Music, her Form is Angelic. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her: but indeed it would be Stupidity to be unconcerned at such Perfection. Oh the excellent Creature, she is as inimitable to all Women, as she is inaccessible to all Men."

I found my Friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him towards the House, that we might be joined by some other Company; and am convinced that the Widow is the secret Cause of all that Inconsistency which appears in some Parts of my Friend's Discourse; though he has so much Command of himself as not directly to mention her.

AN IDLE BAGGAGE

Semperque recentes
Convectare juvat prædas, et vivere rapto.—VIRG.

As I was Yesterday riding out in the Fields with my Friend Sir Roger, we saw at a little Distance from us a Troop of Gipsies. Upon the first Discovery of them, my Friend was in some doubt whether he should not exert the Justice of the Peace upon such a Band of Lawless Vagrants; but not having his Clerk with him, who is a necessary Counsellor on these Occasions, and fearing that his Poultry might fare the worse for it, he let the Thought drop: But at the same time gave me a particular Account of the Mischiefs they do in the Country, in stealing People's Goods and spoiling their Servants. If a stray Piece of Linen hangs upon an Hedge, says Sir Roger, they are sure to have it; if the Hog loses his Way in the Fields, it is ten to one but he becomes their Prey; our Geese cannot live in Peace for them; if a Man prosecutes them with Severity, his Hen-roost is sure to pay for it: They generally straggle into these Parts about this Time of the Year; and set the Heads of our Servant-Maids so agog for Husbands, that we do not expect to have any Business done as it should be whilst they are in the Country. I have an honest Dairy-maid [who] crosses their Hands with a Piece of Silver every Summer, and

never fails being promised the handsomest young Fellow in the Parish for her pains. Your Friend the Butler has been Fool enough to be seduced by them; and, though he is sure to lose a Knife, a Fork, or a Spoon every time his Fortune is told him, generally shuts himself up in the Pantry with an old Gipsy for above half an Hour once in a Twelvemonth. Sweethearts are the things they live upon, which they bestow very plentifully upon all those that apply themselves to them. You see now and then some handsome young Jades among them: The Sluts have very often white Teeth and black Eyes.

Sir Roger observing that I listened with great Attention to his Account of a People who were so entirely new to me, told me, That if I would they should tell us our Fortunes. As I was very well pleased with the Knight's Proposal, we rid up and communicated our Hands to them. A *Cassandra* of the Crew, after having examined my Lines very diligently, told me, That I loved a pretty Maid in a Corner, that I was a good Woman's Man, with some other Particulars which I do not think proper to relate. My Friend Sir Roger alighted from his Horse, and exposing his Palm to two or three that stood by him, they crumpled it into all Shapes, and diligently scanned every Wrinkle that could be made in it; when one of them [who] was older and more Sun-burnt than the rest, told him, That he had a Widow in his Line of Life: Upon which

the Knight cried, Go, go, you are an idle Baggage; and at the same time smiled upon me. The Gipsy finding he was not displeased in his Heart, told him, after a farther Enquiry into his Hand, that his True-love was constant, and that she should dream of him to-night: My old Friend cried Pish, and bid her go on. The Gipsy told him that he was a Bachelor, but would not be so long; and that he was dearer to some Body than he thought: The Knight still repeated, She was an idle Baggage, and bid her go on. Ah Master, says the Gipsy, that roguish Leer of yours makes a pretty Woman's Heart ache; you ha'n't that Simper about the Mouth for Nothing—The uncouth Gibberish with which all this was uttered like the Darkness of an Oracle, made us the more attentive to it. To be short, the Knight left the Money with her that he had crossed her Hand with, and got up again on his Horse.

As we were riding away, Sir Roger told me, that he knew several sensible People who believed these Gipsies now and then foretold very strange things; and for half an Hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary. In the Height of his good-Humour, meeting a common Beggar upon the Road who was no Conjuror, as he went to relieve him he found his Pocket was picked: That being a Kind of Palmistry at which this Race of Vermin are very dexterous.

MUCH MIGHT BE SAID ON BOTH SIDES

Comes jucundus in via pro vehiculo est.—PUBL.

A MAN'S first Care should be to avoid the Reproaches of his own Heart; his next, to escape the Censures of the World: If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater Satisfaction to an honest Mind, than to see those Approbations which it gives itself seconded by the Applauses of the Public: A Man is more sure of his Conduct, when the Verdict which he passes upon his own Behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the Opinion of all that know him.

My worthy Friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at Peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable Tribute for his universal Benevolence to Mankind, in the Returns of Affection and Good-will, which are paid him by every one that lives within his Neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd Instances of that general Respect which is shewn to the good old Knight. He would needs carry *Will Wimble* and myself with him to the County Assizes: As we were upon the Road *Will Wimble* joined a couple of plain Men who rid before us, and conversed with them for some time; during which my Friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their Characters.

The first of them, says he, that has a Spaniel by his Side, is a Yeoman of about an hundred Pounds a Year, an honest Man: He is just within the Game-Act, and qualified to kill an Hare or a Pheasant: He knocks down a Dinner with his Gun twice or thrice a Week; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an Estate as himself. He would be a good Neighbour if he did not destroy so many Partridges: in short, he is a very sensible Man; shoots flying; and has been several times Foreman of the Petty Jury.

The other that rides along with him is *Tom Touchy*, a Fellow famous for *taking the Law* of every Body. There is not one in the Town where he lives that he has not sued at a Quarter-Sessions. The Rogue had once the Impudence to go to Law with the *Widow*. His Head is full of Costs, Damages, and Ejectments: He plagued a couple of honest Gentlemen so long for a Trespass in breaking one of his Hedges, till he was forced to sell the Ground it enclosed to defray the Charges of the Prosecution: His Father left him fourscore Pounds a Year; but he has *cast* and been cast so often, that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old Business of the Willow-Tree.

As Sir Roger was giving me this Account of *Tom Touchy*, *Will Wimble* and his two Companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their Respects to Sir Roger, *Will* told

him that Mr. *Touchy* and he must appeal to him upon a Dispute that arose between them. *Will* it seems had been giving his Fellow-Travellers an Account of his Angling one Day in such a Hole; when *Tom Touchy*, instead of hearing out his Story, told him that Mr. such an One, if he pleased, might *take the Law of him* for fishing in that Part of the River. My Friend Sir Roger heard them both, upon a round Trot; and after having paused some time told them, with the Air of a Man who would not give his Judgment rashly, that *much might be said on both Sides*. They were neither of them dissatisfied with the Knight's Determination, because neither of them found himself in the Wrong by it: Upon which we made the best of our Way to the Assizes.

The Court was sat before Sir Roger came; but notwithstanding all the Justices had taken their Places upon the Bench, they made room for the old Knight at the Head of them; who for his Reputation in the Country took occasion to whisper in the Judge's Ear, *That he was glad his Lordship had met with so much good Weather in his Circuit*. I was listening to the Proceeding of the Court with much Attention, and infinitely pleased with that great Appearance and Solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public Administration of our Laws; when, after about an Hour's Sitting, I observed to my great Surprise, in the midst of a Trial, that my Friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some Pain

for him, 'till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three Sentences, with a Look of much Business and great Intrepidity.

Upon his first Rising the Court was hushed, and a general Whisper ran among the Country People that Sir Roger *was up*. The Speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall not trouble my Readers with an Account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the Knight himself to inform the Court, as to give him a Figure in my Eye, and keep up his Credit in the Country.

I was highly delighted, when the Court rose, to see the Gentlemen of the Country gathering about my old Friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary People gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his Courage, that was not afraid to speak to the Judge.

In our Return home we met with a very odd Accident; which I cannot forbear relating, because it shews how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him Marks of their Esteem. When we were arrived upon the Verge of his Estate, we stopped at a little Inn to rest ourselves and our Horses. The Man of the House had it seems been formerly a Servant in the Knight's Family; and to do Honour to his old Master, had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a Sign-post before the Door; so that *the Knight's Head* had hung out

upon the Road about a Week before he himself knew anything of the Matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his Servant's Indiscretion proceeded wholly from Affection and Goodwill, he only told him that he had made him too high a Compliment; and when the Fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more decisive Look, That it was too great an Honour for any Man under a Duke; but told him at the same time, that it might be altered with a very few Touches, and that he himself would be at the Charge of it. Accordingly they got a Painter by the Knight's Directions to add a pair of Whiskers to the Face, and by a little Aggravation of the Features to change it into the *Saracen's-Head*. I should not have known this Story had not the Inn-keeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my Hearing, That his Honour's Head was brought back last Night with the Alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my Friend with his usual Cheerfulness related the Particulars above-mentioned, and ordered the Head to be brought into the Room. I could not forbear discovering greater Expressions of Mirth than ordinary upon the Appearance of this monstrous Face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant Resemblance of my old Friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought

it possible for People to know him in that Disguise. I at first kept my usual Silence; but upon the Knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a *Saracen*, I composed my Countenance in the best manner I could, and replied, *That much might be said on both Sides.*

These several Adventures, with the Knight's Behaviour in them, gave me as pleasant a Day as ever I met with in any of my Travels.

A PIECE OF NATURAL CRITICISM

Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatore, et veras hinc ducere voces.—HOR.

MY Friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the Club, told me, that he had a great mind to see the new Tragedy with me, assuring me at the same time, that he had not been at a Play these twenty Years. The last I saw, said Sir Roger, was the *Committee*, which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told before-hand that it was a good Church-of-*England* Comedy. He then proceeded to enquire of me who this Distrest Mother was; and upon hearing that she was *Hector's* Widow, he told me that her Husband was a brave Man, and that when he was a School-boy he had read his Life at the end of the Dictionary. My Friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the *Mohocks*

should be Abroad. I assure you, says he, I thought I had fallen into their Hands last Night; for I observed two or three lusty black Men that followed me half way up *Fleet-street*, and mended their pace behind me, in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know, continued the Knight with a Smile, I fancied they had a mind to *hunt* me; for I remember an honest Gentleman in my Neighbourhood, who was served such a trick in King *Charles* the Second's time; for which reason he has not ventured himself in Town ever since. I might have shown them very good Sport, had this been their Design; for as I am an old Fox-hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their Lives before. Sir Roger added, that if these Gentlemen had any such Intention, they did not succeed very well in it: for I threw them out, says he, at the End of *Norfolk-street*, where I doubled the Corner, and got shelter in my Lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However, says the Knight, if Captain SENTRY will make one with us to-morrow night, and if you will both of you call upon me about four a-Clock, that we may be at the House before it is full, I will have my own Coach in readiness to attend you, for *John* tells me he has got the Fore-Wheels mended.

The Captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed Hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same Sword

which he made use of at the Battle of *Steenkirk*. Sir Roger's Servants, and among the rest my old Friend the Butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good Oaken Plants, to attend their Master upon this occasion. When he had placed him in his Coach, with myself at his Left-Hand, the Captain before him, and his Butler at the Head of his Footmen in the Rear, we convoyed him in safety to the Play-house, where, after having marched up the Entry in good order, the Captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the Pit. As soon as the House was full, and the Candles lighted, my old Friend stood up and looked about him with that Pleasure, which a Mind seasoned with Humanity naturally feels in itself, at the sight of a Multitude of People who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common Entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old Man stood up in the middle of the Pit, that he made a very proper Centre to a Tragic Audience. Upon the entering of *Pyrrhus*, the Knight told me, that he did not believe the King of *France* himself had a better Strut. I was indeed very attentive to my old Friend's Remarks, because I looked upon them as a Piece of natural Criticism, and was well pleased to hear him at the Conclusion of almost every Scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the Play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for *Andromache*; and a little while after as much for *Hermione*:

and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of *Pyrrhus*.

When Sir Roger saw *Andromache's* obstinate Refusal to her Lover's Importunities, he whispered me in the Ear, that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary Vehemence, you can't imagine, Sir, what 'tis to have to do with a Widow. Upon *Pyrrhus* his threatening afterwards to leave her, the Knight shook his Head, and muttered to himself, Ay, do if you can. This Part dwelt so much upon my Friend's Imagination, that at the close of the Third Act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered in my Ear, These Widows, Sir, are the most perverse Creatures in the World. But pray, says he, you that are a Critic, is this Play according to your Dramatic Rules, as you call them? Should your People in Tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single Sentence in this Play that I do not know the Meaning of.

The Fourth Act very luckily begun before I had time to give the old Gentleman an Answer: Well, says the Knight, sitting down with great Satisfaction, I suppose we are now to see *Hector's* Ghost. He then renewed his Attention, and, from time to time, fell a praising the Widow. He made, indeed, a little Mistake as to one of her Pages, whom at his first entering, he took for *Astyanax*; but he quickly set himself right in that Particular, though, at the same time, he owned

he should have been very glad to have seen the little Boy, who, says he, must needs be a very fine Child by the Account that is given of him. Upon *Hermione's* going off with a Menace to *Pyrrhus*, the Audience gave a loud Clap; to which Sir Roger added, On my Word, a notable young Baggage!

As there was a very remarkable Silence and Stillness in the Audience during the whole Action, it was natural for them to take the Opportunity of these Intervals between the Acts, to express their Opinion of the Players, and of their respective Parts. Sir Roger hearing a Cluster of them praise *Orestes*, struck in with them and told them, that he thought his Friend *Pylades* was a very sensible Man; as they were afterwards applauding *Pyrrhus*, Sir Roger put in a second time; And let me tell you, says he, though he speaks but little, I like the old Fellow in Whiskers as well as any of them. Captain SENTRY seeing two or three Wags who sat near us, lean with an attentive Ear towards Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should Smoke the Knight, plucked him by the Elbow, and whispered something in his Ear, that lasted till the Opening of the Fifth Act. The Knight was wonderfully attentive to the Account which *Orestes* gives of *Pyrrhus* his Death, and at the Conclusion of it, told me it was such a bloody Piece of Work, that he was glad it was not done upon the Stage. Seeing afterwards *Orestes* in his raving Fit, he grew more than ordinary serious, and took occasion to moralize

(in his way) upon an Evil Conscience, adding, *that Orestes, in his Madness, looked as if he saw something.*

As we were the first that came into the House, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear Passage for our old Friend, whom we did not care to venture among the jostling of the Crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his Entertainment, and we guarded him to his Lodgings in the same manner that we brought him to the Playhouse; being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the Performance of the excellent Piece which had been presented, but with the Satisfaction which it had given to the good old Man.

RICHARD STEELE

1672-1729

STEELE described himself as "an Englishman born in Dublin", being the son of an attorney and his wife Elinor, "a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit". He was educated at Charterhouse and Christ Church, where he acquired the classics and became Addison's friend for life.

His tastes, however, were not academic, and soon, we learn, "I mounted a war-horse with a great sword in my hand and planted myself behind King William the third against Louis the fourteenth". Finding that the life "in the guards" was "exposed to much irregularity", and, as always, eager to confess himself a sinner, Richard produced a curious little volume, *The Christian Hero*, that he might thus be compelled to keep the faith he had so publicly professed. But, not unnaturally, he was then voted a dull dog and, with characteristic naivety, set out to counteract such an unjust impression by writing a play "full of incidents that move laughter", though named *The Funeral*.

This, again, was followed by *The Lying Lover*,

or *The Ladies' Friendship*, expressly written to conform with the righteous demands of Jeremy Collier's famous protest against the indecencies of the drama; and naturally "damned for its piety". After once more endeavouring to counteract his own good impulses by the more light-hearted, but still moral, *Tender Husband*, Steele was temporarily deflected from the stage.

He was, apparently, often at this time with his regiment in the wars; and his first marriage with Margaret Stretch (1705) clearly involved him in a good deal of business about her property in Barbados; to be followed in less than two years by her death.

Meanwhile the sociable side of his nature had been strongly encouraged by the foundation of the Kit-Cat Club; and influential friends quickly led him into that most congenial life of literature linked to politics and Court—so characteristic of the age—with several official appointments highly convenient to one perpetually in debt.

His impetuous courtship and marriage to Margaret's friend, Mary Scurlock, followed in 1707; henceforth to dominate every hour of his existence, inspiring and directing the course of his best work. Always the perfect lover, as his fascinating letters remain to prove, a large part of his endeavours towards pleasing, and improving, the Town were concerned with the "rules of honourable passion"; a genuine chivalry that combined respect with homage, recognizing, while

it endeavoured to develop, the intelligence which men were being forced—as he taught them—to acknowledge in women. He became “a knight-errant with the pen . . . a secretary of love”: arbiter of the good manners which speak for the good heart.

At various times, since he was not entirely without “connections” or friendly influence in high places, Steele received various profitable appointments. He had inherited his first wife’s “whole estate” and Mrs. Scurlock, senior, left him £500 a year. Something came in, no doubt, from the *Tatler* and its successors, for he had opened a popular vein, perfectly calculated to please a public he had the wit almost to discover.

But nothing, of course, would have kept one so incurably reckless and improvident in financial stability; and his various schemes “for bringing live fish into London”, the “early evening” club with Cabaret in the Adelphi; or, later, as “supervisor” of theatres, were little more to his practical advantage than the pursuit of the Philosopher’s Stone at a “laboratory in Poplar”, to which he is supposed to have given much time as a young man.

He was always optimistic, continually on the eve of seeing his wife and children “better provided for than any other family in England”; but such material ambitions did not prevent his throwing up all his appointments, on a suspicion of corruption, and entering parliament, to serve

his country free from dependence upon the favour of Courts.

On the practical side, indeed, Steele was too erratic and convivial for the ideal husband; and one may fear that his wife's last years of admitted invalidism in Wales were in part dictated by some measure of domestic incompatibility, no way fatal to passionate love. She died, however, in 1718, and, though continuing to work and plan for his children, no less eagerly than to warn his country, often with prudence, for his country's good, and generously to promote the best interests of the stage, Sir Richard—as he had now become—was never entirely himself again after the loss of his “Dear Prue”.

There were a few years spent in search of health in Bath and Hereford, preceding the last days, also in Carmarthenshire, where “of a summer's evening” the old man would be giving a “new gown to the best dancer” among the “lads and lasses at their rural sports”.

FROM THE *TATLER*

JENNY DISTAFF

I

From my own Apartment

MY sister Jenny's lover, the honest Tranquillus, for that shall be his name, has been impatient with me to despatch the necessary directions for his marriage; that while I am taken up with imaginary schemes, as he calls them, he might not burn with real desire, and the torture of expectation. When I had reprimanded him for the ardour wherein he expressed himself, which I thought had not enough of that veneration with which the marriage-bed is to be ascended, I told him, "the day of his nuptials should be on the Saturday following, which was the eighth instant". On the seventh, in the evening, poor Jenny came into my chamber, and, having her heart full of the great change of life from a virgin condition to that of a wife, she long sat silent. I saw she expected me to entertain her on this important subject, which was too delicate a circumstance for herself to touch upon; whereupon I relieved her modesty in the following manner: "Sister," said I, "you are now going from me: and be contented, that you leave the company of a talkative old man, for

that of a sober young one: but take this along with you, that there is no means in the state you are entering into, but you are to be exquisitely happy or miserable, and your fortune in this way of life will be wholly of your own making. In all the marriages I have ever seen, most of which have been unhappy ones, the great cause of evil has proceeded from slight occasions; and I take it to be the first maxim in a married condition, that you are to be above trifles. When two persons have so good an opinion of each other as to come together for life, they will not differ in matters of importance, because they think of each other with respect; and in regard to all things of consideration that may affect them they are prepared for mutual assistance and relief in such occurrences. For less occasions, they form no resolutions, but leave their minds unprepared.

“ This, dear Jenny, is the reason that the quarrel between sir Harry Willit and his lady, which began about her squirrel, is irreconcilable. Sir Harry was reading a grave author; she runs into his study, and in a playing humour, claps the squirrel upon the folio: he threw the animal in a rage on the floor; she snatches it up again, calls sir Harry a sour pedant, without good nature or good manners. This cast him into such a rage, that he threw down the table before him, kicked the book round the room; then recollected himself: ‘ Lord, madam,’ said he, ‘ why did you run into such expressions? I was ’, said he, ‘ in

the highest delight with that author, when you clapped your squirrel upon my book'; and, smiling, added upon recollection, 'I have a great respect for your favourite, and pray let us all be friends.' My lady was so far from accepting this apology, that she immediately conceived a resolution to keep him under for ever; and with a serious air replied, 'There is no regard to be had to what a man says, who can fall into so indecent a rage, and such an abject submission, in the same moment, for which I absolutely despise you.' Upon which she rushed out of the room. Sir Harry stayed some minutes behind, to think and command himself; after which he followed her into her bed-chamber, where she was prostrate upon the bed, tearing her hair, and naming twenty coxcombs who would have used her otherwise. This provoked him to so high a degree, that he forbore nothing but beating her; and all the servants in the family were at their several stations listening, whilst the best man and woman, the best master and mistress, defamed each other in a way that is not to be repeated even at Billingsgate. You know this ended in an immediate separation: she longs to return home, but knows not how to do it: he invites her home every day, and lies with every woman he can get. Her husband requires no submission of her; but she thinks her very return will argue she is to blame, which she is resolved to be for ever, rather than acknowledge

it. Thus, dear Jenny, my great advice to you is, be guarded against giving or receiving little provocations. Great matters of offence I have no reason to fear either from you or your husband."

After this, we turned our discourse into a more gay style, and parted: but before we did so, I made her resign her snuff-box for ever, and half drown herself with washing away the stench of the musty.

But the wedding morning arrived, and our family being very numerous, there was no avoiding the inconvenience of making the ceremony and festival more public than the modern way of celebrating them makes me approve of. The bride next morning came out of her chamber, dressed with all the art and care that Mrs Toilet the tire-woman, could bestow on her. She was on her wedding-day three-and-twenty; her person is far from what we call a regular beauty; but a certain sweetness in her countenance, an ease in her shape and motion, with an unaffected modesty in her looks, had attractions beyond what symmetry and exactness can inspire, without the addition of these endowments. When her lover entered the room, her features flushed with shame and joy; and the ingenuous manner, so full of passion and of awe, with which Tranquillus approached to salute her, gave me good omens of his future behaviour towards her. The wedding was wholly under my care. After the ceremony at church, I was resolved to entertain the company

with a dinner suitable to the occasion, and pitched upon the Apollo,¹ at the Old-Devil at Temple-bar, as a place sacred to mirth tempered with discretion, where Ben Jonson and his sons used to make their liberal meetings. Here the chief of the Staffian race appeared; and as soon as the company were come into that ample room, Lepidus Wagstaff began to make me compliments for choosing that place, and fell into a discourse upon the subject of pleasure and entertainment, drawn from the rules of Ben's club, which are in gold letters over the chimney.

II

From my own Apartment

My brother Tranquillus being gone out of town for some days, my sister Jenny sent me word she would come and dine with me, and therefore desired me to have no other company. I took care accordingly, and was not a little pleased to see her enter the room with a decent and matron-like behaviour, which I thought very much became her. I saw she had a great deal to say to me, and easily discovered in her eyes, and the air of her countenance, that she had abundance of satisfaction in her heart, which she longed to communicate. However, I was resolved to let her break into her discourse her own way, and reduced her to a thousand little devices and intimations to

¹ A large room at the Devil Tavern still bears this name, and the rules of Ben's club are still in gold letters over the chimney.

bring me to the mention of her husband. But, finding I was resolved not to name him, she began of her own accord. "My husband", said she, "gives his humble service to you", to which I only answered, "I hope he is well"; and, without waiting for a reply, fell into other subjects. She at last was out of all patience, and said, with a smile and manner that I thought had more beauty and spirit than I had ever observed before in her, "I did not think, brother, you had been so ill-natured. You have seen, ever since I came in, that I had a mind to talk of my husband, and you will not be so kind as to give me an occasion." "I did not know", said I, "but it might be a disagreeable subject to you. You do not take me for so old-fashioned a fellow as to think of entertaining a young lady with the discourse of her husband. I know, nothing is more acceptable than to speak of one who is to be so, but to speak of one who is so! indeed, Jenny, I am a better bred man than you think me." She showed a little dislike at my raillery; and, by her bridling up, I perceived she expected to be treated hereafter not as Jenny Distaff, but Mrs. Tranquillus. I was very well pleased with this change in her humour; and, upon talking with her on several subjects, I could not but fancy that I saw a great deal of her husband's way and manner in her remarks, her phrases, the tone of her voice, and the very air of her countenance. This gave me an unspeakable satisfaction, not only because I had

found her a husband, from whom she could learn many things that were laudable, but also because I looked upon her imitation of him as an infallible sign that she entirely loved him. This is an observation that I never knew fail, though I do not remember that any other has made it. The natural shyness of her sex hindered her from telling me the greatness of her own passion; but I easily collected it from the representation she gave me of his. "I have everything", says she, "in Tranquillus, that I can wish for; and enjoy in him, what, indeed, you have told me were to be met with in a good husband, the fondness of a lover, the tenderness of a parent, and the intimacy of a friend." It transported me to see her eyes swimming in tears of affection when she spoke. "And is there not, dear sister," said I, "more pleasure in the possession of such a man, than in all the little impertinencies of balls, assemblies, and equipage, which it cost me so much pains to make you contemn?" She answered, smiling, "Tranquillus has made me a sincere convert in a few weeks, though I am afraid you could not have done it in your whole life. To tell you truly, I have only one fear hanging upon me, which is apt to give me trouble in the midst of all my satisfactions: I am afraid, you must know, that I shall not always make the same amiable appearance in his eye that I do at present. You know, brother Bickerstaff, that you have the reputation of a conjurer; and, if you have any one secret in your

art to make your sister always beautiful, I should be happier than if I were mistress of all the worlds you have shown me in a starry night——” “Jenny,” said I, “without having recourse to magic, I shall give you one plain rule, that will not fail of making you always amiable to a man who has so great a passion for you, and is of so equal and reasonable a temper as Tranquillus. Endeavour to please, and you must please; be always in the same disposition as you are when you ask for this secret, and you may take my word, you will never want it. An inviolable fidelity, good humour, and complacency of temper, outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the decays of it invisible.”

We discoursed very long upon this head, which was equally agreeable to us both; for, I must confess, as I tenderly love her, I take as much pleasure in giving her instructions for her welfare, as she herself does in receiving them.

III

Sheer-lane

I was this afternoon surprised with a visit from my sister Jenny, after an absence of some time. She had, methought, in her manner and air, something that was a little below that of women of the first breeding and quality, but, at the same time, above the simplicity and familiarity of her usual deportment. As soon as she was seated, she began to talk to me of the odd

place I lived in, and begged of me to remove out of the lane where I have been so long acquainted; "for", said she, "it does so spoil one's horses, that I must beg your pardon if you see me much seldomer, when I am to make so great a journey with a single pair, and make visits, and get home the same night". I understood her pretty well, but would not; therefore desired her, "to pay off her coach, for I had a great deal to talk to her". She very pertly told me, "she came in her own chariot". "Why," said I, "is your husband in town? and has he set up an equipage?" "No," answered she, "but I have received five hundred pounds by his order; and his letters, which came at the same time, bade me want for nothing that was necessary."

I was heartily concerned at her folly, whose affairs render her but just able to bear such an expense. However, I considered, that, according to the British custom of treating women, there is no other method to be used, in removing any of their faults and errors, but conducting their minds from one humour to another, with as much ceremony as we lead their persons from one place to another. I therefore dissembled my concern; and, in compliance with her, as a lady that was to use her feet no more, I begged of her, after a short visit, "to let me persuade her not to stay out until it was late, for fear of catching cold as she went into her coach in the dampness of the evening". The malapert knew well

enough I laughed at her; but was not ill pleased with the certainty of her power over her husband, who, she knew, would support her in any humour he was able, rather than pass through the torment of an expostulation to gainsay anything she had a mind to.

ON THE OTHER SIDE EIGHT YEARS OLD

From my own Apartment

THERE are several persons who have many pleasures and entertainments in their possession, which they do not enjoy. It is, therefore, a kind and good office to acquaint them with their own happiness, and turn their attention to such instances of their good fortune as they are apt to overlook. Persons in the married state often want such a monitor; and pine away their days, by looking upon the same condition in anguish and murmur, which carries with it in the opinion of others a complication of all the pleasures of life, and a retreat from its inquietudes.

I am led into this thought by a visit I made an old friend, who was formerly my school-fellow. He came to town last week with his family for the winter, and yesterday morning sent me word his wife expected me to dinner. I am, as it were, at home at that house, and every member of it knows me for their well-wisher. I cannot indeed express the pleasure it is, to be met by the children

with so much joy as I am when I go thither. The boys and girls strive who shall come first, when they think it is I that am knocking at the door; and that child which loses the race to me runs back again to tell the father it is Mr. Bickerstaff. This day I was led in by a pretty girl, that we all thought must have forgot me; for the family has been out of town these two years. Her knowing me again was a mighty subject with us, and took up our discourse at the first entrance. After which, they began to rally me upon a thousand little stories they heard in the country, about my marriage to one of my neighbour's daughters. Upon which the gentleman, my friend, said, "Nay, if Mr. Bickerstaff marries a child of any of his old companions, I hope mine shall have the preference; there is Mrs. Mary is *now sixteen*, and would make him as fine a widow as the best of them. But I know him too well; he is so enamoured with the very memory of those who flourished in our youth, that he will not so much as look upon the modern beauties. I remember, old gentleman, how often you went home in a day to refresh your countenance and dress when Teraminta reigned in your heart. As we came up in the coach, I repeated to my wife some of your verses on her." With such reflections on little passages which happened long ago, we passed our time, during a cheerful and elegant meal. After dinner, his lady left the room, as did also the children. As soon as

we were alone, he took me by the hand; "Well my good friend," says he, "I am heartily glad to see thee; I was afraid you would never have seen all the company that dined with you to-day again. Do not you think the good woman of the house a little altered, since you followed her from the playhouse, to find out who she was, for me?" I perceived a tear fall down his cheek as he spoke, which moved me not a little. But, to turn the discourse, I said, "She is not indeed quite that creature she was, when she returned me the letter I carried from you; and told me, 'she hoped, as I was a gentleman, I would be employed no more to trouble her, who had never offended me; but would be so much the gentleman's friend, as to dissuade him from a pursuit, which he could never succeed in.' You may remember, I thought her in earnest; and you were forced to employ your cousin Will, who made his sister get acquainted with her, for you. You cannot expect her to be for ever fifteen." "Fifteen!" replied my good friend: "Ah! you little understand, you that have lived a bachelor, how great, how exquisite a pleasure there is, in being really beloved! It is impossible that the most beauteous face in nature should raise in me such pleasing ideas, as when I look upon that excellent woman. That fading in her countenance is chiefly caused by her watching with me, in my fever. This was followed by a fit of sickness, which had like to have carried her off last winter. I tell you

sincerely, I have so my obligations to her, that I cannot, with any sort of moderation, think of her present state of health. But as to what you say of fifteen, she gives me every day pleasures beyond what I ever knew in the possession of her beauty, when I was in the vigour of youth. Every moment of her life brings me fresh instances of her complacency *to* my inclinations, and her prudence in regard to my fortune. Her face is to me much more beautiful than when I first saw it; there is no decay in any feature, which I cannot trace, from the very instant it was occasioned by some anxious concern for my welfare and interests. Thus, at the same time, methinks, the love I conceived towards her for what she was, is heightened by my gratitude for what she is. The love of a wife is as much above the idle passion commonly called by that name, as the loud laughter of buffoons is inferior to the elegant mirth of gentlemen. Oh! she is an inestimable jewel. In her examination of her household affairs she shows a certain fearfulness to find a fault, which makes her servants obey her like children; and the meanest we have has an ingenuous shame for an offence, not always to be seen in children in other families. I speak freely to you, my old friend; ever since her sickness, things that gave me the quickest joy before, turn now to a certain anxiety. As the children play in the next room, I know the poor things by their steps, and am considering what

they must do, should they lose their mother in their tender years. The pleasure I used to take in telling my boy stories of battles, and asking my girl questions about the disposal of her baby, and the gossiping of it, is turned into inward reflection and melancholy."

He would have gone on in this tender way, when the good lady entered, and with an inexpressible sweetness in her countenance told us, "she had been searching her closet for something very good, to treat such an old friend as I was". Her husband's eyes sparkled with pleasure at the cheerfulness of her countenance; and I saw all his fears vanish in an instant. The lady observing something in our looks which shewed we had been more serious than ordinary, and seeing her husband receive her with great concern under a forced cheerfulness, immediately guessed at what we had been talking of; and applying herself to me, said, with a smile, "Mr. Bickerstaff, do not believe a word of what he tells you, I shall still live to have you for my second, as I have often promised you, unless he takes more care of himself than he has done since his coming to town. You must know, he tells me that he finds London is a much more healthy place than the country; for he sees several of his old acquaintance and school-fellows are here *young fellows with fair full-bottomed periwigs*. I could scarce keep him this morning from going out *open-breasted*." My friend, who is always

extremely delighted with her agreeable humour, made her sit down with us. She did it with that easiness which is peculiar to women of sense; and to keep up the good humour she had brought in with her, turned her raillery upon me. "Mr. Bickerstaff, you remember you followed me one night from the playhouse; suppose you should carry me thither to-morrow night, and lead me into the front box." This put us into a long field of discourse about the beauties, who were mothers to the present, and shined in the boxes twenty years ago. I told her, "I was glad she had transferred so many of her charms, and I did not question but her eldest daughter was within half-a-year of being a toast".

We were pleasing ourselves with this fantastical preferment of the young lady, when on a sudden we were alarmed with the noise of a drum, and immediately entered my little godson to give me a point of war. His mother, between laughing and chiding, would have put him out of the room; but I would not part with him so. I found, upon conversation with him, though he was a little noisy in his mirth, that the child had excellent parts, and was a great master of all the learning on the other side eight years old. I perceived him a very great historian in *Æsop's Fables*: but he frankly declared to me his mind, "that he did not delight in that learning, because he did not believe they were true; for which reason I found he had very much turned his studies, for about a twelve-

month past, into the lives and adventures of Don Bellianis of Greece, Guy of Warwick, the Seven Champions, and other historians of that age. I could not but observe the satisfaction the father took in the forwardness of his son; and that these diversions might turn to some profit, I found the boy had made remarks, which might be of service to him during the course of his whole life. He would tell you the mismanagements of John Hickerthrift, find fault with the passionate temper in Bevis of Southampton, and loved Saint George for being the champion of England; and by this means had his thoughts insensibly moulded into the notions of discretion, virtue, and honour. I was extolling his accomplishments, when the mother told me, "that the little girl who led me in this morning was in her way a better scholar than he. Betty", said she, "deals chiefly in fairies and sprights; and sometimes in a winter-night will terrify the maids with her accounts, until they are afraid to go up to bed."

I sat with them until it was very late, sometimes in merry, sometimes in serious discourse, with this particular pleasure, which gives the only true relish to all conversation, a sense that every one of us liked each other. I went home, considering the different conditions of a married life and that of a bachelor; and I must confess it struck me with a secret concern, to reflect, that whenever I go off I shall leave no traces behind me. In this pensive mood I return to my family; that

is to say, to my maid, my dog, and my cat, who only can be the better or worse for what happens to me.

THE BUSINESS OF THE COURT

The Proceedings of the Court of Honour, held in Sheer-lane on Monday the twentieth of November 1710, before Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, Censor of Great Britain

PETER PLUMB, of London, merchant, was indicted by the honourable Mr. Thomas Gules, of Gule-hall in the county of Salop, for that the said Peter Plumb did, in Lombard-street, London, between the hours of two and three in the afternoon, meet the said Mr. Thomas Gules, and, after a short salutation, put on his hat, value five-pence, while the honourable Mr. Gules stood bare-headed for the space of two seconds. It was further urged against the criminal, that, during his discourse with the prosecutor, he feloniously stole the wall of him, having clapped his back against it in such a manner, that it was impossible for Mr. Gules to recover it again at his taking leave of him. The prosecutor alleged, that he was the cadet of a very ancient family; and that, according to the principles of all the younger brothers of the said family, he had never sullied himself with business, but had chosen rather to starve, like a man of honour, than do anything beneath his quality. He produced several witnesses, that he had never

employed himself beyond the twisting of a whip, or the making a pair of nut-crackers, in which he only worked for his diversion, in order to make a present now and then to his friends. The prisoner being asked, "what he could say for himself", cast several reflections upon the honourable Mr. Gules; as, "that he was not worth a groat; that nobody in the city would trust him for a halfpenny; that he owed him money, which he had promised to pay him several times, but never kept his word: and, in short, that he was an idle beggarly fellow, and of no use to the public". This sort of language was very severely reprimanded by the Censor, who told the criminal, "that he spoke in contempt of the court, and that he should be proceeded against for contumacy, if he did not change his style". The prisoner, therefore, desired to be heard by his counsel, who urged in his defence, "that he put on his hat through ignorance, and took the wall by accident". They likewise produced several witnesses, that he made several motions with his hat in his hand, which are generally understood as an invitation to the person we talk with to be covered; and that, the gentleman not taking the hint, he was forced to put on his hat, as being troubled with a cold. There was likewise an Irishman, who deposed, "that he had heard him cough three-and-twenty times that morning". And as for the wall, it was alleged, that he had taken it inadvertently, to save himself from a shower of rain which was then falling.

The Censor, having consulted the men of honour who sat at his right hand on the bench, found they were all of opinion, that the defence made by the prisoner's counsel did rather aggravate than extenuate his crime; that the motions and intimations of the hat were a token of superiority in conversation, and therefore not to be used by the criminal to a man of the prosecutor's quality, who was likewise vested with a double title to the wall at the time of their conversation, both as it was the upper hand, and as it was a shelter from the weather. The evidence being very full and clear, the jury, without going out of court, declared their opinion unanimously, by the mouth of their foreman, "that the prosecutor was bound in honour *to make the sun shine through the criminal*", or, as they afterwards explained themselves, "to whip him through the lungs".

The Censor knitting his brows into a frown, and looking very sternly upon the jury, after a little pause, gave them to know, "that this court was erected for the finding out of penalties suitable to offences, and to restrain the outrages of private justice; and that he expected they should moderate their verdict". The jury therefore retired, and being willing to comply with the advices of the Censor, after an hour's conversation, delivered their opinion as follows:

"That, in consideration this was Peter Plumb's first offence, and that there did not appear any *malice prepense* in it, as also that he lived in good

reputation among his neighbours, and that his taking the wall was only *se defendendo*, the prosecutor should let him escape with life, and content himself with the slitting of his nose and the cutting off both his ears." Mr. Bickerstaff, smiling upon the court, told them, " that he thought the punishment, even under its present mitigation, too severe; and that such penalties might be of ill consequence in a trading nation ". He therefore pronounced sentence against the criminal in the following manner; " that his *hat*, which was the instrument of offence, should be forfeited to the court; that the criminal should go to the warehouse from whence he came, and thence, as occasion should require, proceed to the Exchange, or Garraway's coffee-house, in what manner he pleased; but that neither he, nor any of the family of the Plumbs, should hereafter appear in the streets of London out of their coaches, that so the foot-way might be left open and undisturbed for their betters ".

Dathan, a peddling Jew, and T. R——, a Welshman, were indicted by the keeper of an alehouse in Westminster, for breaking the peace and two earthen mugs, in a dispute about the antiquity of their families, to the great detriment of the house, and disturbance of the whole neighbourhood. Dathan said for himself, " that he was provoked to it by the Welshman, who pretended that the Welsh were an ancients people than the Jews; whereas ", says he, " I can shew

by this genealogy in my hand, that I am the son of Meshech, that was the son of Naboth that was the son of Shalem that was the son of——” The Welshman here interrupted him, and told him, “that he could produce *shennalogy* as well as himself”; for “that he was John ap Rice, ap Shenken, ap Shones”. He then turned himself to the Censor, and told him in the same broken accent, and with much warmth, “that the Jew would needs uphold, that king Cadwallader was younger than Issachar”. Mr. Bickerstaff seemed very much inclined to give sentence against Dathan, as being a Jew; but finding reasons, by some expressions which the Welshman let fall in asserting the antiquity of his family, to suspect that the said Welshman was a Præ-Adamite, he suffered the jury to go out, without any previous admonition. After some time they returned, and gave their verdict “that it appearing the persons at the bar did neither of them wear a sword, and that consequently they had no right to quarrel upon a point of honour; to prevent such frivolous appeals for the future, they should both of them be tossed in the same blanket, and there adjust the superiority as they could agree on it between themselves”. The Censor confirmed the verdict.

Richard Newman was indicted by major Punto, for having used the words, “perhaps it may be so”, in a dispute with the said major. The major urged, “that the word *perhaps* was questioning his veracity, and that it was an

indirect manner of giving him the lie ". Richard Newman had nothing more to say for himself, than that " he intended no such thing "; and threw himself upon the mercy of the court. The jury brought in their verdict special.

Mr. Bickerstaff stood up, and, after having cast his eyes over the whole assembly, hemmed thrice. He then acquainted them, " that he had laid down a rule to himself, which he was resolved never to depart from, and which, as he conceived, would very much conduce to the shortening the business of the court ". " I mean ", says he, " never to allow of the lie being given by construction, implication, or induction, but by the sole use of the word itself." He then proceeded to shew the great mischiefs that had arisen to the English nation from that pernicious monosyllable; that it had bred the most fatal quarrels between the dearest friends; that it had frequently thinned the guards, and made great havoc in the army; that it had sometimes weakened the city trained-bands; and, in a word, had destroyed many of the bravest men in the isle of Great Britain. For the prevention of which evils for the future, he instructed the jury to present the *word itself* as a nuisance in the English tongue; and further promised them, that he would, upon such their preferment, publish an edict of the court, for the entire banishment and exclusion of it out of the discourses and conversation of all civil societies.

CHARLES LILLIE.

This is a true copy.

Monday next is set apart for the trial of several female causes.

N.B. The case of the hassock will come on between the hours of nine and ten.

THE SOCIETY AT THE TRUMPET

Sheer-lane

AFTER having applied my mind with more than ordinary attention to my studies, it is my usual custom to relax and unbend it in the conversation of such as are rather easy than shining companions. This I find particularly necessary for me before I retire to rest, in order to draw my slumbers upon me by degrees, and fall asleep insensibly. This is the particular use I make of a set of heavy honest men, with whom I have passed many hours with much indolence, though not with great pleasure. Their conversation is a kind of preparative for sleep: it takes the mind down from its abstractions, leads it into the familiar traces of thought, and lulls it into that state of tranquillity, which is the condition of a thinking man, when he is but half awake. After this, my reader will not be surprised to hear the account which I am about to give of a club of my own contemporaries, among whom I pass two or three hours every evening. This I look upon as taking my first nap before I go to bed. The truth of it is, I should think myself unjust to posterity, as

well as to the society at the *Trumpet*,¹ of which I am a member, did not I in some part of my writings give an account of the persons among whom I have passed almost a sixth part of my time for these last forty years. Our club consisted originally of fifteen; but, partly by the severity of the law in arbitrary times, and partly by the natural effects of old age, we are at present reduced to a third part of that number; in which, however, we have this consolation, that the best company is said to consist of five persons. I must confess, besides the afore-mentioned benefit which I meet with in the conversation of this select society, I am not the less pleased with the company, in that I find myself the greatest wit among them, and am heard as their oracle in all points of learning and difficulty.

Sir Jeoffery Notch, who is the oldest of the club, has been in possession of the right-hand chair time out of mind, and is the only man among us that has the liberty of stirring the fire. This, our foreman, is a gentleman of an ancient family, that came to a great estate some years before he had discretion, and run it out in hounds, horses, and cock-fighting; for which reason he looks upon himself as an honest, worthy gentleman, who has had misfortunes in the world, and calls every thriving man a pitiful upstart.

Major Matchlock is the next senior, who served in the last civil wars, and has all the battles

¹ A public-house in Sheer-lane.

by heart. He does not think any action in Europe worth talking of since the fight of Marston Moor¹; and every night tells us of his having been knocked off his horse at the rising of the London apprentices²; for which he is in great esteem among us.

Honest old Dick Reptile is the third of our society. He is a good-natured indolent man, who speaks little himself, but laughs at our jokes; and brings his young nephew along with him, a youth of eighteen years old, to shew him good company, and give him a taste of the world. This young fellow sits generally silent; but whenever he opens his mouth, or laughs at anything that passes, he is constantly told by his uncle, after a jocular manner, "Ay, ay, Jack, you young men think us fools; but we old men know you are".

The greatest wit of our company, next to myself, is a bencher of the neighbouring inn, who in his youth frequented the ordinaries about Charing-cross, and pretends to have been intimate with Jack Ogle. He has about ten distichs of Hudibras without book, and never leaves the club until he has applied them all. If any modern wit be mentioned, or any town frolic spoken of, he shakes his head at the dullness of the present age, and tells us a story of Jack Ogle.

¹ The battle of Marston Moor happened on July 2, 1644.

² July 14, 1647, the London apprentices presented a petition signed by above 10,000 hands; and on the 26th they forced their way into the house, menacing, until votes had passed desirable to their demands. See the Parliamentary History, vol. xvi. pp. 180, 181.

For my own part, I am esteemed among them, because they see I am something respected by others; though at the same time I understand by their behaviour, that I am considered by them as a man of a great deal of learning, but no knowledge of the world; insomuch, that the major sometimes, in the height of his military pride, calls me the Philosopher: and sir Jeoffery, no longer ago than last night, upon a dispute what day of the month it was then in Holland, pulled his pipe out of his mouth, and cried, "What does the scholar say to it?"

Our club meets precisely at *six o'clock in the evening*, but I did not come last night until half an hour after seven, by which means I escaped the battle of Naseby, which the major usually begins at about three quarters after six: I found also, that my good friend the bencher had already spent three of his distichs; and only waited an opportunity to hear a sermon spoken of, that he might introduce the couplet where "a stick" rhymes to "ecclesiastic". At my entrance into the room, they were naming a red petticoat and a cloak, by which I found that the bencher had been diverting them with a story of Jack Ogle.¹

I had no sooner taken my seat, but sir Jeoffery, to shew his good-will towards me, gave me a pipe of his own tobacco, and stirred up the fire. I look

¹ Jack Ogle, said to have been descended from a decent family in Devonshire, was a man of some genius and great extravagance, but rather artful than witty.

upon it as a point of morality, to be obliged by those who endeavour to oblige me; and therefore, in requital for his kindness, and to set the conversation a-going, I took the best occasion I could to put him upon telling us the story of old Gantlett, which he always does with very particular concern. He traced up his descent on both sides for several generations, describing his diet and manner of life, with his several battles, and particularly that in which he fell. This Gantlett was a game cock, upon whose head the knight, in his youth, had won five hundred pounds, and lost two thousand. This naturally set the major upon the account of Edgehill fight,¹ and ended in a duel of Jack Ogle's.

Old Reptile was extremely attentive to all that was said, though it was the same he had heard every night for these twenty years, and, upon all occasions, winked upon his nephew to mind what passed.

This may suffice to give the world a taste of our innocent conversation, which we spun out until about ten of the clock, when my maid came with a lantern to light me home. I could not but reflect with myself, as I was going out, upon the talkative humour of old men, and the little figure which that part of life makes in one who cannot employ his natural propensity in discourses which would make him venerable. I must own, it makes me very melancholy in company, when I hear a young man begin a story; and have often observed, that one

¹ The battle of Edgehill was fought on Sunday, Oct. 23, 1642.

of a quarter of an hour long in a man of five-and-twenty, gathers circumstances every time he tells it, until it grows into a long Canterbury tale of two hours by that time he is three-score.

The only way of avoiding such a trifling and frivolous old age is, to lay up in our way to it such stores of knowledge and observation, as may make us useful and agreeable in our declining years. The mind of man in a long life will become a magazine of wisdom or folly, and will consequently discharge itself in something impertinent or improving. For which reason, as there is nothing more ridiculous than an old trifling story-teller, so there is nothing more venerable, than one who has turned his experience to the entertainment and advantage of mankind.

In short, we, who are in the last stage of life, and are apt to indulge ourselves in talk, ought to consider, if what we speak be worth being heard, and endeavour to make our discourse like that of Nestor, which Homer compares to the flowing of honey for its sweetness.

I am afraid I shall be thought guilty of this excess I am speaking of, when I cannot conclude without observing, that Milton certainly thought of this passage in Homer, when, in his description of an eloquent spirit, he says,

His tongue dropped manna.

A COUNTRY BEAU

WE were going on in that way which one hardly knows how to express; as when two people mean the same thing in a nice case, but come at it by talking as distantly from it as they can; when very opportunely came in upon us an honest inconsiderable fellow. Tim Dapper,¹ a gentleman well known to us both. Tim is one of those who are very necessary, by being very inconsiderable. Tim dropped in at an incident, when we knew not how to fall into either a grave or a merry way. My sister took this occasion to make off, and Dapper gave us an account of all the company he had been in to-day, who was, and who was not at home, where he visited. This Tim is the head of a species: he is a little out of his element in this town; but he is a relation of Tranquillus, and his neighbour in the country, which is the true place of residence for this species. The habit of a Dapper, when he is at home, is a light broadcloth, with calamanco or red waistcoat and breeches; and it is remarkable, that their wigs seldom hide the collar of their coats. They have always a peculiar spring in their arms, a wriggle in their bodies, and a trip in their gait. All which motions they express at once in their drinking, bowing, or saluting ladies; for a distant imitation

¹ The following account of Tim Dapper seems to be given as a true picture of the character and dress of a country beau or smart, in 1709.

of a forward fop, and a resolution to overtop him in his way, are the distinguishing marks of a Dapper. These under-characters of men, are parts of the sociable world by no means to be neglected: they are like pegs in a building; they make no figure in it, but hold the structure together, and are as absolutely necessary as the pillars and columns. I am sure we found it so this morning; for Tranquillus and I should, perhaps, have looked cold at each other the whole day, but Dapper fell in with his brisk way, shook us both by the hand, rallied the bride, mistook the acceptance he met with amongst us for extraordinary perfection in himself, and heartily pleased, and was pleased, all the while he stayed. His company left us all in good humour, and we were not such fools as to let it sink, before we confirmed it by great cheerfulness and openness in our carriage the whole evening.

FROM THE *SPECTATOR*

AN ENAMOURED FOOTMAN

I SHALL give you, *verbatim*, the Epistle of an enamoured Footman in the Country to his Mistress. Their Surnames shall not be inserted, because their Passion demands a greater Respect than is due to their Quality. *James* is Servant in a great Family, and Elizabeth waits upon the Daughter of one as numerous, some Miles off of her Lover. *James*, before he beheld *Betty*, was vain of his Strength, a rough Wrestler, and quarrelsome Cudgel-Player; *Betty* a public Dancer at May-poles, a Romp at Stool-Ball: He always following idle Women, she playing among the Peasants: He a Country Bully, she a Country Coquette. But Love has made her constantly in her Mistress's Chamber, where the young Lady gratifies a secret Passion of her own, by making *Betty* talk of *James*; and *James* is become a constant Waiter near his Master's Apartment, in reading, as well as he can, Romances. I cannot learn who *Molly* is, who it seems walked Ten Mile to carry the angry Message, which gave Occasion to what follows.

To ELIZABETH —

May 14, 1711.

“*My Dear Betty,*

“Remember your bleeding Lover, who lies bleeding at the Wounds *Cupid* made with the Arrows he borrowed at the Eyes of *Venus*, which is your sweet Person.

“Nay more, with the Token you sent me for my Love and Service offered to your sweet Person; which was your base Respects to my ill Conditions; when alas! there is no ill Conditions in me, but quite contrary; all Love and Purity, especially to your sweet Person; but all this I take as a Jest.

“But the sad and dismal News which *Molly* brought me, struck me to the Heart, which was, it seems, and is your ill Conditions for my Love and Respects to you.

“For she told me, if I came Forty times to you, you would not speak with me, which Words I am sure is a great Grief to me.

“Now, my Dear, if I may not be permitted to your sweet Company, and to have the Happiness of speaking with your sweet Person, I beg the Favour of you to accept of this my secret Mind and Thoughts, which hath so long lodged in my Breast; the which if you do not accept, I believe will go nigh to break my Heart.

“For indeed, my Dear, I Love you above all the Beauties I ever saw in all my Life.

“The young Gentleman, and my Master’s Daughter, the *Londoner* that is come down to

marry her, sat in the Arbour most part of last Night. Oh! dear *Betty*, must the Nightingales sing to those who marry for Money, and not to us true Lovers! Oh my dear *Betty*, that we could meet this Night where we used to do in the Wood!

“ Now, my Dear, if I may not have the Blessing of kissing your sweet Lips, I beg I may have the Happiness of kissing your fair Hand, with a few Lines from your dear self, presented by whom you please or think fit. I believe, if Time would permit me, I could write all Day; but the Time being short, and Paper little, no more from your never-failing Lover till Death, *James* —— ”

Poor *James*! Since his Time and Paper were so short; I, that have more than I can use well of both, will put the Sentiments of his kind Letter (the Style of which seems to be confused with Scraps he had got in hearing and reading what he did not understand) into what he meant to express.

Dear Creature,

Can you then neglect him who has forgot all his Recreations and Enjoyments, to pine away his Life in thinking of you? When I do so, you appear more amiable to me than *Venus* does in the most beautiful Description that ever was made of her. All this Kindness you return with an Accusation, that I do not love you: But the contrary is so manifest, that I cannot think you in earnest. But the Certainty given me in your Message by *Molly*, that you do not love me, is

what robs me of all Comfort. She says you will not see me: If you can have so much Cruelty, at least write to me, that I may kiss the Impression made by your fair Hand. I love you above all things, and, in my Condition, what you look upon with Indifference is to me the most exquisite Pleasure or Pain. Our young Lady, and a fine Gentleman from *London*, who are to marry for mercenary Ends, walk about our Gardens, and hear the Voice of Evening Nightingales, as if for Fashion-sake they courted those Solitudes, because they have heard Lovers do so. Oh *Betty*! could I hear these Rivulets murmur, and Birds sing while you stood near me, how little sensible should I be that we are both Servants, that there is anything on Earth above us. Oh! I could write to you as long as I love you, till Death itself.

JAMES.

N.B. By the Words *Ill-Conditions*, JAMES means in a Woman *Coquetry*, in a Man *Inconstancy*.

R.

THE WEAVER OF SPITTLE FIELDS

Mr. SPECTATOR,

“THE Matter which I am now going to send you, is an unhappy Story in low Life, and will recommend itself, so that you must excuse the Manner of expressing it. A poor idle drunken Weaver in *Spittle-Fields* has a faithful laborious Wife, who by her Frugality and Industry had laid by her as much Money as purchased her a Ticket

in the present Lottery. She had hid this very privately in the Bottom of a Trunk, and had given her Number to a Friend and Confidant, who had promised to keep the Secret, and bring her News of the Success. The poor Adventurer was one Day gone abroad, when her careless Husband, suspecting she had saved some Money, searches every Corner, till at length he finds this same Ticket; which he immediately carries abroad, sells, and squanders away the Money without the Wife's suspecting anything of the Matter. A Day or two after this, this Friend, who was a Woman, comes and brings the Wife word, that she had a Benefit of Five Hundred Pounds. The poor Creature overjoyed, flies up Stairs to her Husband, who was then at Work, and desires him to leave his Loom for that Evening, and come and drink with a Friend of his and hers below. The Man received this cheerful Invitation as bad Husbands sometimes do, and after a cross Word or two told her he wouldn't come. His Wife with Tenderness renewed her Importunity, and at length said to him, My Love! I have within these few Months, unknown to you, scraped together as much Money as has bought us a Ticket in the Lottery, and now here is Mrs. *Quick* [come] to tell me, that 'tis come up this Morning a Five hundred Pound Prize. The Husband replies immediately, You lie, you Slut, you have no Ticket, for I have sold it. The poor Woman upon this Faints away in a Fit, recovers, and is now

run distracted. As she had no Design to defraud her Husband, but was willing only to participate in his good Fortune, every one pities her, but thinks her Husband's Punishment but just. This Sir, is Matter of Fact, and would, if the Persons and Circumstances were greater, in a well-wrought Play be called *Beautiful Distress*. I have only sketched it out with Chalk, and know a good Hand can make a moving Picture with worse Materials.

SIR, &c."

ROBIN, THE PORTER

Insanire pares certa ratione modoque.—HOR.

CYNTHIO and *Flavia* are Persons of Distinction in this Town, who have been Lovers these ten Months last past, and writ to each other for Gallantry Sake, under those feigned Names; Mr. Such a one and Mrs. Such a one not being capable of raising the Soul out of the ordinary Tracts and Passages of Life, up to that Elevation which makes the Life of the Enamoured so much superior to that of the rest of the World. But ever since the beauteous *Cecilia* has made such a Figure as she now does in the Circle of Charming Women, *Cynthio* has been secretly one of her Adorers. *Lætitia* has been the finest Woman in Town these three Months, and so long *Cynthio* has acted the Part of a Lover very awkwardly in the Presence of *Flavia*. *Flavia* has been too blind towards him, and has too sincere an Heart of her

own to observe a thousand things which would have discovered this Change of Mind to any one less engaged than she was. *Cynthio* was musing Yesterday in the Piazza in *Covent-Garden*, and was saying to himself that he was a very ill Man to go on in visiting and professing Love to *Flavia*, when his Heart was enthralled to another. It is an Infirmary that I am not constant to *Flavia*; but it would be still a greater Crime, since I cannot continue to love her, to profess that I do. To marry a Woman with the Coldness that usually indeed comes on after Marriage, is ruining one's self with one's Eyes open; besides it is really doing her an Injury. This last Consideration, forsooth, of injuring her in persisting, made him resolve to break off upon the first favourable Opportunity of making her angry. When he was in this Thought, he saw *Robin* the Porter who waits at *Will's* Coffee-house, passing by. *Robin*, you must know, is the best Man in Town for carrying a Billet; the Fellow has a thin Body, swift Step, demure Looks, sufficient Sense, and knows the Town. This Man carried *Cinthio's* first Letter to *Flavia*, and by frequent Errands ever since, is well known to her. The Fellow covers his Knowledge of the Nature of his Messages with the most exquisite low Humour imaginable: The first he obliged *Flavia* to take, was, by complaining to her that he had a Wife and three Children, and if she did not take that Letter, which, he was sure, there was no Harm in, but

rather Love, his Family must go supperless to Bed, for the Gentleman would pay him according as he did his Business. *Robin* therefore *Cynthia* now thought fit to make use of, and gave him Orders to wait before *Flavia's* Door, and if she called him to her, and asked whether it was *Cynthia* who passed by, he should at first be loth to own it was, but upon Importunity confess it. There needed not much Search into that Part of the Town to find a well-dressed Hussy fit for the Purpose *Cynthia* designed her. As soon as he believed *Robin* was posted, he drove by *Flavia's* Lodgings in an Hackney-Coach and a Woman in it. *Robin* was at the Door talking with *Flavia's* Maid, and *Cynthia* pulled up the Glass as surprised, and hid his Associate. The Report of this Circumstance soon flew up Stairs, and *Robin* could not deny but the Gentleman favoured his Master; yet if it was he, he was sure the Lady was but his Cousin whom he had seen ask for him; adding that he believed she was a poor Relation, because they made her wait one Morning till he was awake. *Flavia* immediately writ the following Epistle, which *Robin* brought to *Will's*.

“ June 4, 1712.

“ SIR,

“ It is in vain to deny it, basest, falsest of Mankind; my Maid, as well as the Bearer, saw you.
The injured Flavia.”

After *Cynthia* had read the Letter, he asked *Robin* how she looked, and what she said at the

Delivery of it. *Robin* said she spoke short to him, and called him back again, and had nothing to say to him, and bid him and all the Men in the World go out of her Sight; but the Maid followed, and bid him bring an Answer.

Cynthia returned as follows:

“June 4, *Three Afternoon*, 1712.

“*Madam*,

“That your Maid and the Bearer has seen me very often is very certain; but I desire to know, being engaged at Picket, what your Letter means by *'tis in vain to deny it*. I shall stay here all the Evening.

Your amazed Cynthia.”

As soon as *Robin* arrived with this, *Flavia* answered:

“*Dear Cynthia*,

“I have walked a Turn or two in my Anti-Chamber since I writ to you, and have recovered myself from an impertinent Fit which you ought to forgive me, and desire you would come to me immediately to laugh off a Jealousy that you and a Creature of the Town went by in an Hackney-Coach an Hour ago.

I am Your most humble Servant,

FLAVIA.”

“I will not open the Letter which my *Cynthia* writ, upon the Misapprehension you must have been under when you writ, for want of hearing the whole Circumstance.”

Robin came back in an Instant, and *Cynthia* answered:

“*Half Hour, six Minutes after Three,
June 4. Will’s Coffee-house.*”

“*Madam,*

“It is certain I went by your Lodgings with a Gentlewoman to whom I have the Honour to be known, she is indeed my Relation, and a pretty sort of Woman. But your starting Manner of Writing, and owning you have not done me the Honour so much as to open my Letter, has in it something very unaccountable, and alarms one that has had Thoughts of passing his Days with you. But I am born to admire you with all your little Imperfections. CYNTHIO.”

Robin run back, and brought for Answer:

“Exact Sir, that are at *Will’s* Coffee-house six Minutes after Three, *June 4*; one that has had Thoughts and all my little Imperfections. Sir, come to me immediately, or I shall determine what may perhaps not be very pleasing to you.

FLAVIA.”

Robin gave an Account that she looked excessive angry when she gave him the Letter; and that he told her, for she asked, that *Cynthia* only looked at the Clock, taking Snuff, and writ two or three Words on the Top of the Letter when he gave him his.

Now the Plot thickened so well, as that *Cynthia*

saw he had not much more to do to accomplish being irreconcilably banished, he writ,

“ *Madam,*

“ I have that Prejudice in Favour of all you do, that it is not possible for you to determine upon what will not be very pleasing to

Your Obedient Servant,

CYNTHIO.”

This was delivered, and the Answer returned, in a little more than two Seconds.

“ *SIR,*

“ Is it come to this? You never loved me; and the Creature you were with is the properest Person for your Associate. I despise you, and hope I shall soon hate you as a Villain to

The Credulous Flavia.”

Robin ran back, with

“ *Madam,*

“ Your Credulity when you are to gain your Point, and Suspicion when you fear to lose it make it a very hard Part to behave as becomes,

Your humble Slave,

CYNTHIO.”

Robin whipt away, and returned with,

“ *Mr. Wellford.*

“ *Flavia* and *Cynthia* are no more. I relieve you from the hard Part of which you complain, and banish you from my Sight for ever.

Ann Heart.”

Robin had a Crown for his Afternoon's Work; and this is published to admonish *Cecilia* to avenge the Injury done to *Flavia*. T.

THE BEAUTIES OF CHEAPSIDE

Coelum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.—HOR.

IN the Year 1688, and on the same Day of that Year, were born in *Cheapside, London*, two Females of exquisite Feature and Shape; the one we shall call *Brunetta*, the other *Phillis*. A close Intimacy between their Parents made each of them the first Acquaintance the other knew in the World: They played, dressed Babies, acted Visitings, learned to Dance and make Curtesies, together. They were inseparable Companions in all the little Entertainments their tender Years were capable of: Which innocent Happiness continued till the Beginning of their fifteenth Year, when it happened that Mrs. *Phillis* had an Head-dress on which became her so very well, that instead of being beheld any more with Pleasure for their Amity to each other, the Eyes of the Neighbourhood were turned to remark them with Comparison of their Beauty. They now no longer enjoyed the Ease of Mind and pleasing Indolence in which they were formerly happy, but all their Words and Actions were misinterpreted by each other, and every Excellence in their Speech and Behaviour was looked upon as an Act of Emulation to surpass the other. These

Beginnings of Disinclination soon improved into a Formality of Behaviour, a general Coldness, and by natural Steps into an irreconcilable Hatred.

These two Rivals for the Reputation of Beauty, were in their Stature, Countenance and Mien so very much alike, that if you were speaking of them in their Absence, the Words in which you described the one must give you an Idea of the other. They were hardly distinguishable, you would think, when they were apart, though extremely different when together. What made their Enmity the more entertaining to all the rest of their Sex was, that in Detraction from each other neither could fall upon Terms which did not hit herself as much as her Adversary. Their Nights grew restless with Meditation of new Dresses to outvie each other, and inventing new Devices to recall Admirers, who observed the Charms of the one rather than those of the other on the last Meeting. Their Colours failed at each other's Appearance, flushed with Pleasure at the Report of a Disadvantage, and their Countenances withered upon Instances of Applause. The Decencies to which Women are obliged, made these Virgins stifle their Resentment so far as not to break into open Violences, while they equally suffered the Torments of a regulated Anger. Their Mothers, as it is usual, engaged in the Quarrel, and supported the several Pretensions of the Daughters with all that ill-chosen Sort of Expense which is common with People of plentiful

Fortunes and mean Taste. The Girls preceded their Parents like Queens of *May*, in all the gaudy Colours imaginable, on every *Sunday* to Church, and were exposed to the Examination of the Audience for Superiority of Beauty.

During this constant Struggle it happened, that *Phillis* one Day at public Prayers smote the Heart of a gay *West-Indian*, who appeared in all the Colours which can affect an Eye that could not distinguish between being fine and tawdry. This *American* in a Summer-Island Suit was too shining and too gay to be resisted by *Phillis*, and too intent upon her Charms to be diverted by any of the laboured Attractions of *Brunetta*. Soon after, *Brunetta* had the Mortification to see her Rival disposed of in a wealthy Marriage, while she was only addressed to in a Manner that shewed she was the Admiration of all Men, but the Choice of none. *Phillis* was carried to the Habitation of her Spouse in *Barbadoes*: *Brunetta* had the Ill-nature to inquire for her by every Opportunity, and had the Misfortune to hear of her being attended by numerous Slaves, fanned into Slumbers by successive Hands of them, and carried from Place to Place in all the Pomp of barbarous Magnificence. *Brunetta* could not endure these repeated Advices, but employed all her Arts and Charms in laying Baits for any of Condition of the same Island, out of a mere Ambition to confront her once more before she died. She at last succeeded in her Design, and

was taken to Wife by a Gentleman whose Estate was contiguous to that of her Enemy's Husband. It would be endless to enumerate the many Occasions on which these irreconcilable Beauties laboured to excel each other; but in process of Time it happened that a Ship put into the Island consigned to a Friend of *Phillis*, who had Directions to give her the Refusal of all Goods for Apparel, before *Brunetta* could be alarmed of their Arrival. He did so, and *Phillis* was dressed in a few Days in a Brocade more gorgeous and costly than had ever before appeared in that Latitude. *Brunetta* languished at the Sight, and could by no means come up to the Bravery of her Antagonist. She communicated her Anguish of Mind to a faithful Friend, who by an Interest in the Wife of *Phillis's* Merchant, procured a Remnant of the same Silk for *Brunetta*. *Phillis* took pains to appear in all public Places where she was sure to meet *Brunetta*; *Brunetta* was now prepared for the Insult, and came to a public Ball in a plain black Silk Mantua, attended by a beautiful Negro Girl in a Petticoat of the same Brocade with which *Phillis* was attired. This drew the Attention of the whole Company, upon which the unhappy *Phillis* swooned away, and was immediately conveyed to her House. As soon as she came to herself she fled from her Husband's House, went on board a Ship in the Road, and is now landed in inconsolable Despair at *Plymouth*.

FROM THE *GUARDIAN*

AN ALLEGORY OF MENALCAS

IN ancient times there dwelt in a pleasant vale of Arcadia, a man of very ample possessions, named Menalcas; who deriving his pedigree from the God Pan, kept very strictly up to the rules of the Pastoral life, as it was in the Golden Age. He had a daughter, his only child, called Amaryllis. She was a virgin of a most enchanting beauty, of a most easy and unaffected air; but having been bred up wholly in the country, was bashful to the last degree. She had a voice that was exceedingly sweet, yet had a rusticity in its tone, which, however, to most who heard her, seemed an additional charm. Though in her conversation in general she was very engaging, yet to her lovers, who were numerous, she was so coy that many left her in disgust after a tedious courtship, and matched themselves where they were better received. For Menalcas had not only resolved to take a son-in-law, who should inviolably maintain the customs of his family; but had received one evening, as he walked in the fields, a pipe of an antique form from a Faun, or as some say, from Oberon the fairy, with a

particular charge not to bestow his daughter upon any one who could not play the same tune upon it as at that time he entertained him with.

When the time that he had designed to give her in marriage was near at hand, he published a decree, whereby he invited the neighbouring youths to make trial of this musical instrument, with promise that the victor should possess his daughter, on condition that the vanquished should submit to what punishment he thought fit to inflict. Those who were not yet discouraged, and had high conceits of their own worth, appeared on the appointed day, in a dress and equipage suitable to their respective fancies.

The place of meeting was a flowery meadow, through which a clear stream murmured in many irregular meanders. The shepherds made a spacious ring for the contending lovers: and in one part of it there sat upon a little throne of turf, under an arch of eglantine and woodbines, the father of the maid, and at his right-hand the damsel crowned with roses and lilies. She wore a flying robe of a slight green stuff; she had her sheep-hook in one hand, and the fatal pipe in the other.

The first who approached her was a youth of a graceful presence and courtly air, but dressed in a richer habit than had ever been seen in Arcadia. He wore a crimson vest, cut indeed after the shepherd's fashion, but so enriched with embroidery and sparkling with jewels, that the

eyes of the spectators were diverted from considering the mode of the garment by the dazzling of the ornaments. His head was covered with a plume of feathers, and his sheep-hook glittered with gold and enamel. He accosted the damsel after a very gallant manner, and told her "Madam, you need not to consult your glass to adorn yourself to-day; you may see the greatness of your beauty in the number of your conquests". She having never heard any compliment so polite, could give him no answer, but presented the pipe. He applied it to his lips, and began a tune, which he set off with so many graces and quavers, that the shepherds and shepherdesses (who had paired themselves in order to dance) could not follow it; as indeed it required great skill and regularity of steps, which they had never been bred to. Menalcas ordered him to be stript of his costly robes, and to be clad in a russet weed, and confined him to tend the flocks in the valleys for a year and a day.

The second that appeared was in very different garb. He was clothed in a garment of rough goat-skins, his hair was matted, his beard neglected, in his person uncouth and awkward in his gait. He came up steering to the nymph, and told her he had hugged his lambs, and kissed his young kids, but he hoped to kiss one that was sweeter. The fair one blushed with modesty and anger, and prayed secretly against him as she gave him the pipe. He snatched it from

her, but with some difficulty made it sound; which was in such harsh and jarring notes, that the shepherds cried one and all, that he understood no music. He was immediately ordered to the most craggy parts of Arcadia, to keep the goats, and commanded never to touch a pipe any more.

The third that advanced appeared in clothes that were so straight and uneasy to him, that he seemed to move with pain. He marched up to the maiden with a thoughtful look and stately pace and said "Divine Amaryllis, you wear not those robes to improve your beauty, but to make them ashamed". As she did not comprehend his meaning, she presented the instrument without reply: the tune he played was so intricate and perplexing that the shepherds stood stock still, like people astonished and confounded. In vain did he plead that it was the perfection of music, and composed by the most skilful master in Hesperia. Menalcas, finding that he was a stranger, hospitably took compassion on him, and delivered him to an old shepherd, who was ordered to get him clothes that would fit him, and teach him to speak plain.

The fourth that stepped forwards was young Amyntas, the most beautiful of all the Arcadian swains and secretly beloved by Amaryllis. He wore that day the same colours as the maid for whom he sighed. He moved towards her with an easy but unassured air: he blushed as

he came near her; and when she gave him the fatal present, they both trembled, but neither could speak. Having secretly breathed his vows to the gods, he poured forth such melodious notes, that though they were a little wild and irregular, they filled every heart with delight. The swains immediately mingled in the dance, and the old shepherds affirmed, that they had often heard such music by night, which they imagined to be played by some of the rural deities. The good old man leaped from his throne, and after he had embraced him, presented him to his daughter, which caused a general acclamation.

While they were in the midst of their joy, they were surprised with a very odd appearance. A person in a blue mantle, crowned with sedges and rushes, stepped into the middle of the ring. He had an angling rod in his hand, a panier upon his back, and a poor meagre wretch in wet clothes carried some oysters before him. Being asked whence he came, and what he was, he told them he was come to invite Amaryllis from the plains to the sea-shore; that his substance consisted in sea-calves; and that he was acquainted with the Nereids and the Naiads, "Art thou acquainted with the Naiads?" said Menalcas, "to them then shalt thou return." The shepherds immediately hoisted him up as an enemy to Arcadia, and he plunged him in the river, where he sunk, and was never heard of since.

Amyntas and Amaryllis lived a long and happy life, and governed the vales of Arcadia. Their generation was very long-lived, there having been but four descents in above two thousand years. His heir was called Theocritus, who left his dominions to Virgil, Virgil left his to his son Spencer, and Spencer was succeeded by his eldest-born Philips.

JOSEPH ADDISON

1672-1719

BORN at Milston, near Amesbury, Wilts, being the son of the Rev. Lancelot Addison, afterwards Dean of Lichfield, Joseph was educated, after some elementary schooling, at Charterhouse and Oxford; achieving early distinction as an "elegant" scholar and skilful Latinist.

Though, by temperament, learning and "convenience", rather obviously meant for the Church, Addison's "modesty", or the influence of worldly patrons, directed him to literature and diplomacy. There can be no doubt of his sincerity in religion, and, indeed, many of his essays approach the sermon; but his gift for conversation and genial humour no doubt found a better field for expression in life as he pursued it.

His gifts were recognized before he left College; and the £300 a year pension obtained for him by Charles Montague (Earl of Halifax) enabled him to enjoy a tour through France and Italy; which, no doubt, rubbed off some corners from the somewhat pedantic young scholar. Addison's taste was always classical; but his later, and finer, work has all the grace of a man of the

world, with charm revealed among his intimates and admitted by the most critical; though his sensitive and modest shyness — so humorously expressed in the *Spectator*—remained with him to the last. As Landor wrote of his style: “There is the shyness of the lover, there is graceful shyness of a beautiful girl not quite grown up”.

It was, in fact, his courtly manners and the distinguished personality which made him popular, that combined with family connections not remote from “high places”, to secure the various remunerative appointments he enjoyed when Whigs were in power; and though party-changes at different times sent him “out” with his friends, there was no period at which he knew anything of poverty or distress: an ease of mind clearly reflected in his writing.

It was, however, the partnership in Steele’s various enterprises, no doubt mutually beneficial, that brought him fame; though the tragedy of *Cato* was more loudly acclaimed on publication, and he was more highly esteemed as poet and playwright than essayist.

His was a life rather of friendship than of incident; and, when he married the Countess of Warwick in 1716, there were not wanting tongues to deride the inglorious ease of a lion chafing in petticoat dependence, turned mere “husband” of marble halls.

The club-man, maybe, was not always quite at home among the formalities of fashion; but, on

the other hand, the change observed by friends, and somewhat unkindly remarked, may well have been due to ill-health; for he did not survive his marriage quite three years, though in no sense an old man.

The slightly morbid acts of repentance upon his death-bed rather suggest that a growing physical weakness had already turned his thoughts upon himself and dimmed his wit.

FROM THE *TATLER*

READING A DANCE OR TWO

From my own Apartment

I WAS this morning awakened by a sudden shake of the house; and as soon as I had got a little out of my consternation, I felt another, which was followed by two or three repetitions of the same convulsion. I got up as fast as possible, girt on my rapier, and snatched up my hat, when my landlady came up to me, and told me, "that the gentlewoman of the next house begged me to step thither, for that a lodger she had taken in was run mad; and she desired my advice", as indeed everybody in the whole lane does upon important occasions. I am not, like some artists, saucy because I can be beneficial, but went immediately. Our neighbour told us, "she had the day before let her second floor to a very genteel youngish man, who told her, he kept extraordinary good hours, and was generally at home most part of the morning and evening at study; but that this morning he had for an hour together made this extravagant noise which we then heard". I went upstairs with my hand upon the hilt of my rapier, and approached this new lodger's door. I

looked in at the key-hole, and there I saw a well-made man look with great attention on a book, and, on a sudden, jump into the air so high, that his head almost touched the ceiling. He came down safe on his right foot, and again flew up, alighting on his left; then looked again at his book, and, holding out his right leg, put it into such a quivering motion, that I thought he would have shaken it off. He used the left after the same manner, when, on a sudden, to my great surprise, he stooped himself incredibly low, and turned gently on his toes. After this circular motion, he continued bent in that humble posture for some time, looking on his book. After this, he recovered himself with a sudden spring, and flew round the room in all the violence and disorder imaginable, until he made a full pause for want of breath. In this interim my woman asked, "what I thought". I whispered, "that I thought this learned person an enthusiast, who possibly had his first education in the Peripatetic way, which was a sect of philosophers who always studied when walking". But, observing him much out of breath, I thought it the best time to master him if he were disordered, and knocked at his door. I was surprised to find him open it, and say with great civility and good mien, "that he hoped he had not disturbed us". I believed him in a lucid interval, and desired "he would please to let me see his book". He did so, smiling. I could not make anything of it, and, therefore, asked

“ in what language it was writ ”. He said, “ it was one he studied with great application; but it was his profession to teach it, and could not communicate his knowledge without a consideration ”. I answered, “ that I hoped he would hereafter keep his thoughts to himself, for his meditation this morning had cost me three coffee-dishes, and a clean pipe ”. He seemed concerned at that, and told me “ he was a dancing-master, and had been reading a dance or two before he went out, which had been written by one who taught at an academy in France ”.¹ He observed me at a stand, and went on to inform me, “ that now articulate motions, as well as sounds, were expressed by proper characters; and that there is nothing so common, as to communicate a dance by a letter ”. I besought him hereafter to meditate in a ground-room, for that otherwise it would be impossible for an artist of any other kind to live near him; and that I was sure several of his thoughts this morning would have shaken my spectacles off my nose, had I been myself at study.

I then took my leave of this virtuoso, and returned to my chamber, meditating on the various occupations of rational creatures.

¹ Thoinet Arbeau, a dancing-master at Paris, is here justly celebrated, as the real inventor of the art of writing dances in character termed *orchesography*, from two Greek words, *ὄρχησις*, a dance, and *γράφω*, I write.

FROM THE *SPECTATOR*

AN ANTEDILUVIAN NOVEL

I

Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori,
Hic nemus, hic toto tecum consumerer ævo.—VIRG.

HILPA was one of the 150 Daughters of *Zilpah*, of the Race of *Cohu*, by whom some of the Learned think is meant *Cain*. She was exceedingly beautiful, and when she was but a Girl of threescore and ten Years of Age, received the Addresses of several who made Love to her. Among these were two Brothers, *Harpath* and *Shalum*; *Harpath*, being the First-born, was Master of that fruitful Region which lies at the Foot of Mount *Tirzah*, in the Southern Parts of *China*. *Shalum* (which is to say the Planter in the *Chinese* Language) possessed all the neighbouring Hills, and that great Range of Mountains which goes under the Name of *Tirzah*. *Harpath* was of a haughty contemptuous Spirit; *Shalum* was of a gentle Disposition, beloved both by God and Man.

It is said that, among the Antediluvian Women, the Daughters of *Cohu* had their Minds wholly

set upon Riches; for which Reason the beautiful *Hilpa* preferred *Harpath* to *Shalum*, because of his numerous Flocks and Herds, that covered all the low Country which runs along the Foot of Mount *Tirzah*, and is watered by several Fountains and Streams breaking out of the Sides of that Mountain.

Harpath made so quick a Dispatch of his Courtship, that he married *Hilpa* in the hundredth Year of her Age; and being of an insolent Temper, laughed to Scorn his Brother *Shalum* for having pretended to the beautiful *Hilpa*, when he was Master of nothing but a long Chain of Rocks and Mountains. This so much provoked *Shalum*, that he is said to have cursed his Brother in the Bitterness of his Heart, and to have prayed that one of his Mountains might fall upon his Head if ever he came within the Shadow of it.

From this Time forward *Harpath* would never venture out of the Valleys, but came to an untimely End in the 250th Year of his Age, being drowned in a River as he attempted to cross it. This River is called to this Day, from his Name who perished in it, the River *Harpath*, and, what is very remarkable, issues out of one of those Mountains which *Shalum* wished might fall upon his Brother, when he cursed him in the Bitterness of his Heart.

Hilpa was in the 160th Year of her Age at the Death of her Husband, having brought him but 50 Children, before he was snatched away, as has

been already related. Many of the Antediluvians made Love to the young Widow, though no one was thought so likely to succeed in her Affections as her first Lover *Shalum*, who renewed his Court to her about ten Years after the Death of *Harpath*; for it was not thought decent in those Days that a Widow should be seen by a Man within ten Years after the Decease of her Husband.

Shalum falling into a deep Melancholy, and resolving to take away that Objection which had been raised against him when he made his first Addresses to *Hilpa*, began immediately, after her Marriage with *Harpath*, to plant all that mountainous Region which fell to his Lot in the Division of this Country. He knew how to adapt every Plant to its proper Soil, and is thought to have inherited many traditional Secrets of that Art from the first Man. This Employment turned at length to his Profit as well as to his Amusement: His Mountains were in a few Years shaded with young Trees, that gradually shot up into Groves, Woods, and Forests, intermixed with Walks, and Lawns, and Gardens; insomuch that the whole Region, from a naked and desolate Prospect, began now to look like a second Paradise. The Pleasantness of the Place, and the agreeable Disposition of *Shalum*, who was reckoned one of the mildest and wisest of all who lived before the Flood, drew into it Multitudes of People, who were perpetually employed in the sinking of Wells, the digging of Trenches, and the hollowing of Trees, for the

better Distribution of Water through every Part of this spacious Plantation.

The Habitations of *Shalum* looked every Year more beautiful in the Eyes of *Hilpa*, who, after the Space of 70 Autumns, was wonderfully pleased with the distant Prospect of *Shalum's* Hills, which were then covered with innumerable Tufts of Trees and gloomy Scenes that gave a Magnificence to the Place, and converted it into one of the finest Landscapes the Eye of Man could behold.

The *Chinese* record a Letter which *Shalum* is said to have written to *Hilpa*, in the Eleventh Year of her Widowhood. I shall here translate it, without departing from that noble Simplicity of Sentiments, and Plainness of Manners which appears in the Original.

Shalum was at this Time 180 Years old, and *Hilpa* 170.

*Shalum, Master of Mount Tirzah, to
Hilpa, Mistress of the Valleys*

“*In the 788th Year of the Creation.*”

“What have I not suffered, O thou Daughter of *Zilpah*, since thou gavest thyself away in Marriage to my Rival? I grew weary of the Light of the Sun, and have been ever since covering myself with Woods and Forests. These threescore and ten Years have I bewailed the Loss of thee on the Tops of Mount *Tirzah*, and soothed my Melancholy among a thousand gloomy Shades

of my own raising. My Dwellings are at present as the Garden of God; every Part of them is filled with Fruits, and Flowers, and Fountains. The whole Mountain is perfumed for thy Reception. Come up into it, O my Beloved, and let us People this Spot of the new World with a beautiful Race of Mortals; let us multiply exceedingly among these delightful Shades, and fill every Quarter of them with Sons and Daughters. Remember, O thou Daughter of *Zilpah*, that the Age of Man is but a thousand Years; that Beauty is the Admiration but of a few Centuries. It flourishes as a Mountain Oak, or as a Cedar on the Top of *Tirzah*, which in three or four hundred Years will fade away, and never be thought of by Posterity, unless a young Wood springs from its Roots. Think well on this, and remember thy Neighbour in the Mountains."

Having here inserted this Letter, which I look upon as the only Antediluvian *Billet-doux* now extant, I shall in my next Paper give the Answer to it, and the Sequel of this Story.

II

Ipsi lætitia voces ad sidera jactant
Intonsi montes : ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
Ipsæ sonant arbusta. VIRG.

The Sequel of the Story of Shalum and Hilpa

The Letter inserted in my last had so good an Effect upon *Hilpa*, that she answered it in less than a Twelvemonth, after the following Manner:

Hilpa, *Mistress of the Valleys*, to Shalum,
Master of Mount Tirzah

“In the 789th Year of the Creation.

“What have I to do with thee, O *Shalum*? Thou praisest *Hilpa*’s Beauty, but art thou not secretly enamoured with the Verdure of her Meadows? Art thou not more affected with the Prospect of her green Valleys, than thou wouldest be with the Sight of her Person? The Lowings of my Herds, and the Bleatings of my Flocks, make a pleasant Echo in thy Mountains, and sound sweetly in thy Ears. What though I am delighted with the Wavings of thy Forests, and those Breezes of Perfumes which flow from the Top of *Tirzah*: Are these like the Riches of the Valley?

“I know thee, O *Shalum*; thou art more wise and happy than any of the Sons of Men. Thy Dwellings are among the Cedars; thou searchest out the Diversity of Soils, thou understandest the Influences of the Stars, and markest the Change of Seasons. Can a Woman appear lovely in the Eyes of such a one? Disquiet me not, O *Shalum*; let me alone, that I may enjoy those goodly Possessions which are fallen to my Lot. Win me not by thy enticing Words. May thy Trees increase and multiply; mayest thou add Wood to Wood, and Shade to Shade; but tempt not *Hilpa* to destroy thy Solitude, and make thy Retirement populous.”

The *Chinese* say, that a little time afterwards

she accepted of a Treat in one of the neighbouring Hills to which *Shalum* had invited her. This Treat lasted for two Years, and is said to have cost *Shalum* five hundred Antelopes, two thousand Ostriches, and a thousand Ton of Milk; but what most of all recommended it, was that Variety of delicious Fruits and Pot-herbs, in which no Person then living could any way equal *Shalum*.

He treated her in the Bower which he had planted amidst the Wood of Nightingales. This Wood was made up of such Fruit-Trees and plants as are most agreeable to the several Kinds of Singing Birds; so that it had drawn into it all the Music of the Country, and was filled from one End of the Year to the other with the most agreeable Concert in Season.

He shewed her every Day some beautiful and surprising Scene in this new Region of Woodlands; and as by this Means he had all the Opportunities he could wish for of opening his Mind to her, he succeeded so well, that upon her Departure she made him a kind of Promise, and gave him her Word to return him a positive Answer in less than fifty Years.

She had not been long among her own People in the Valleys, when she received new Overtures, and at the same Time a most splendid Visit from *Mishpach*, who was a mighty Man of old, and had built a great City, which he called after his own Name. Every House was made for at least a thousand Years, nay there were some that were

leased out for three Lives; so that the Quantity of Stone and Timber consumed in this Building is scarce to be imagined by those who live in the present Age of the World. This great Man entertained her with the Voice of musical Instruments which had been lately invented, and danced before her to the Sound of the Timbrel. He also presented her with several domestic Utensils wrought in Brass and Iron, which had been newly found out for the Conveniency of Life. In the meantime *Shalum* grew very uneasy with himself, and was sorely displeased at *Hilpa* for the Reception which she had given to *Mishpach*, insomuch that he never wrote to her or spoke of her during a whole Revolution of *Saturn*; but finding that this Intercourse went no further than a Visit, he again renewed his Addresses to her, who during his long Silence is said very often to have cast a wishing Eye upon Mount *Tirzah*.

Her Mind continued wavering about twenty Years longer between *Shalum* and *Mishpach*; for though her Inclinations favoured the former, her Interest pleaded very powerfully for the other. While her Heart was in this unsettled Condition, the following Accident happened which determined her Choice. A high Tower of Wood that stood in the City of *Mishpach* having caught Fire by a Flash of Lightning, in a few Days reduced the whole Town to Ashes. *Mishpach* resolved to rebuild the Place whatever it should cost him; and having already destroyed all the Timber of

the Country, he was forced to have Recourse to *Shalum*, whose Forests were now two hundred Years old. He purchased these Woods with so many Herds of Cattle and Flocks of Sheep, and with such a vast Extent of Fields and Pastures, that *Shalum* was now grown more wealthy than *Mishpach*; and therefore appeared so charming in the Eyes of *Zilpah's* Daughter, that she no longer refused him in Marriage. On the Day in which he brought her up into the Mountains he raised a most prodigious Pile of Cedar and of every sweet smelling Wood, which reached above 300 Cubits in Height; He also cast into the Pile Bundles of Myrrh and Sheaves of Spikenard, enriching it with every spicy Shrub, and making it fat with the Gums of his Plantations. This was the Burnt-Offering which *Shalum* offered in the Day of his Espousals: The Smoke of it ascended up to Heaven, and filled the whole Country with Incense and Perfume.

EUDOXUS AND LEONTINE

EUDOXUS and *Leontine* began the World with small Estates. They were both of them Men of good Sense and great Virtue. They prosecuted their Studies together in their earlier Years, and entered into such a Friendship as lasted to the End of their Lives. *Eudoxus*, at his first setting out in the World, threw himself into a Court, where by his natural Endowments and his acquired Abilities

he made his way from one Post to another, till at length he had raised a very considerable Fortune. *Leontine* on the contrary sought all Opportunities of improving his Mind by Study, Conversation, and Travel. He was not only acquainted with all the Sciences, but with the most eminent Professors of them throughout *Europe*. He knew perfectly well the Interests of its Princes, with the Customs and Fashions of their Courts, and could scarce meet with the Name of an extraordinary Person in the *Gazette* whom he had not either talked to or seen. In short, he had so well mixed and digested his Knowledge of Men and Books, that he made one of the most accomplished Persons of his Age. During the whole Course of his Studies and Travels he kept up a punctual Correspondence with *Eudoxus*, who often made himself acceptable to the principal Men about Court by the Intelligence which he received from *Leontine*. When they were both turned of Forty (an Age in which, according to Mr. *Cowley*, *there is no dallying with Life*¹) they determined, pursuant to the Resolution they had taken in the beginning of their Lives, to retire, and pass the remainder of their Days in the Country. In order to this, they both of them married much about the same time. *Leontine*, with his own and his Wife's Fortune, bought a Farm of three hundred a Year, which lay within the Neighbourhood of his Friend *Eudoxus*,

¹ Essay "On the Danger of Procrastination": "There's no fooling with Life when it is once turned beyond Forty."

who had purchased an Estate of as many thousands. They were both of them *Fathers* about the same time, *Eudoxus* having a Son born to him, and *Leontine* a Daughter; but to the unspeakable Grief of the latter, his young Wife (in whom all his Happiness was wrapt up) died in a few Days after the Birth of her Daughter. His Affliction would have been insupportable, had not he been comforted by the daily Visits and Conversations of his Friend. As they were one Day talking together with their usual Intimacy, *Leontine*, considering how incapable he was of giving his Daughter a proper education in his own House, and *Eudoxus* reflecting on the ordinary Behaviour of a Son who knows himself to be the Heir of a great Estate, they both agreed upon an Exchange of Children, namely that the Boy should be bred up with *Leontine* as his Son, and that the Girl should live with *Eudoxus* as his Daughter, till they were each of them arrived at Years of Discretion. The Wife of *Eudoxus*, knowing that her Son could not be so advantageously brought up as under the Care of *Leontine*, and considering at the same time that he would be perpetually under her own Eye, was by degrees prevailed upon to fall in with the Project. She therefore took *Leonilla*, for that was the Name of the Girl, and educated her as her own Daughter. The two Friends on each side had wrought themselves to such an habitual Tenderness for the Children who were under their Direction, that each of them had the real Passion

of a Father, where the Title was but imaginary. *Florio*, the Name of the young Heir that lived with *Leontine*, though he had all the Duty and Affection imaginable for his supposed Parent, was taught to rejoice at the Sight of *Eudoxus*, who visited his Friend very frequently, and was dictated by his natural Affection, as well as by the Rules of Prudence, to make himself esteemed and beloved by *Florio*. The Boy was now old enough to know his supposed Father's Circumstances, and that therefore he was to make his way in the World by his own Industry. This Consideration grew stronger in him every Day, and produced so good an Effect, that he applied himself with more than ordinary Attention to the Pursuit of everything which *Leontine* recommended to him. His natural Abilities, which were very good, assisted by the Directions of so excellent a Counsellor, enabled him to make a quicker Progress than ordinary through all the Parts of his Education. Before he was twenty Years of Age, having finished his Studies and Exercises with great Applause, he was removed from the University to the Inns of Court, where there are very few that make themselves considerable Proficients in the Studies of the Place, who know they shall arrive at great Estates without them. This was not *Florio's* Case; he found that three hundred a Year was but a poor Estate for *Leontine* and himself to live upon, so that he Studied without Intermission till he gained a very good

Insight into the Constitution and Laws of his Country.

I should have told my Reader, that whilst *Florio* lived at the House of his Foster-father, he was always an acceptable Guest in the Family of *Eudoxus*, where he became acquainted with *Leonilla* from her Infancy. His Acquaintance with her by degrees grew into Love, which in a Mind trained up in all the Sentiments of Honour and Virtue became a very uneasy Passion. He despaired of gaining an Heiress of so great a Fortune, and would rather have died than attempted it by any indirect Methods. *Leonilla*, who was a Woman of the greatest Beauty joined with the greatest Modesty, entertained at the same time a secret Passion for *Florio*, but conducted herself with so much Prudence that she never gave him the least Intimation of it. *Florio* was now engaged in all those Arts and Improvements that are proper to raise a Man's private Fortune, and give him a Figure in his Country, but secretly tormented with that Passion which burns with the greatest Fury in a virtuous and noble Heart, when he received a sudden Summons from *Leontine* to repair to him into the Country the next Day. For it seems *Eudoxus* was so filled with the Report of his Son's Reputation, that he could no longer withhold making himself known to him. The Morning after his Arrival at the House of his supposed Father, *Leontine* told him that *Eudoxus* had something of great Importance to communicate to him;

upon which the good Man embraced him, and wept. *Florio* was no sooner arrived at the great House that stood in his Neighbourhood, but *Eudoxus* took him by the Hand, after the first Salutes were over, and conducted him into his Closet. He there opened to him the whole Secret of his Parentage and Education concluding, after this manner: *I have no other way left of acknowledging my Gratitude to Leontine, than by marrying you to his Daughter. He shall not lose the Pleasure of being your Father by the Discovery I have made to you. Leonilla too shall be still my Daughter; her filial Piety, though misplaced, has been so exemplary that it deserves the greatest Reward I can confer upon it. You shall have the Pleasure of seeing a great Estate fall to you, which you would have lost the Relish of had you known yourself born to it. Continue only to deserve it in the same manner you did before you were possessed of it. I have left your Mother in the next Room. Her Heart yearns towards you. She is making the same Discoveries to Leonilla which I have made to yourself. Florio* was so overwhelmed with this Profusion of Happiness, that he was not able to make a Reply, but threw himself down at his Father's Feet, and amidst a Flood of Tears, Kissed and embraced his Knees, asking his Blessing, and expressing in dumb Show those Sentiments of Love, Duty, and Gratitude that were too big for Utterance. To conclude, the happy Pair were married, and half *Eudoxus's* Estate settled upon them. *Leontine* and *Eudoxus* passed

the remainder of their Lives together; and received in the dutiful and affectionate Behaviour of *Florio* and *Leonilla* the just Recompence, as well as the natural Effects of that Care which they had bestowed upon them in their Education.

CONSTANTIA AND THEODOSIUS

Illa; Quis et me, inquit, miseram, et te perdidit, Orpheu?
Jamque vale: feror ingenti circumdata nocte,
Invalidasque tibi tendens, heu! non tua, palmas.—VIRG.

CONSTANTIA was a Woman of extraordinary Wit and Beauty, but very unhappy in a Father, who having arrived at great Riches by his own Industry, took delight in nothing but his Money. *Theodosius* was the younger Son of a decayed Family of great Parts and Learning, improved by a genteel and virtuous Education. When he was in the twentieth year of his Age he became acquainted with *Constantia*, who had not then passed her fifteenth. As he lived but a few Miles' Distance from her Father's House, he had frequent opportunities of seeing her; and by the Advantages of a good Person and a pleasing Conversation, made such an Impression in her Heart as it was impossible for time to [efface]: He was himself no less smitten with *Constantia*. A long Acquaintance made them still discover new Beauties in each other, and by Degrees raised in them that mutual Passion which had an Influence on their following Lives. It unfortunately

happened that in the midst of this intercourse of Love and Friendship between *Theodosius* and *Constantia*, there broke out an irreparable Quarrel between their Parents, the one valuing himself too much upon his Birth, and the other upon his Possessions. The Father of *Constantia* was so incensed at the Father of *Theodosius*, that he contracted an unreasonable Aversion towards his Son, insomuch that he forbade him his House, and charged his Daughter upon her Duty never to see him more. In the meantime to break off all Communication between the two Lovers, who he knew entertained secret Hopes of some favourable Opportunity that should bring them together, he found out a young Gentleman of a good Fortune and an agreeable Person, whom he pitched upon as a Husband for his Daughter. He soon concerted this Affair so well, that he told *Constantia* it was his Design to marry her to such a Gentleman, and that her Wedding should be celebrated on such a Day. *Constantia*, who was overawed with the Authority of her Father, and unable to object anything against so advantageous a Match, received the Proposal with a profound Silence, which her Father commended in her, as the most decent manner of a Virgin's giving her Consent to an Overture of that Kind: The Noise of this intended Marriage soon reached *Theodosius*, who, after a long Tumult of Passions which naturally rise in a Lover's Heart on such an Occasion, writ the following letter to *Constantia*:

“ The Thought of my *Constantia*, which for some years has been my only Happiness, is now become a greater Torment to me than I am able to bear. Must I then live to see you another’s? The Streams, the Fields and Meadows where we have so often talked together, grow painful to me; Life itself is become a Burden. May you long be happy in the World, but forget that there was ever such a Man in it as

THEODOSIUS.”

This Letter was conveyed to *Constantia* that very Evening, who fainted at the Reading of it; and the next Morning she was much more alarmed by two or three Messengers, that came to her Father’s House one after another to enquire if they had heard anything of *Theodosius*, who it seems had left his Chamber about Midnight, and could nowhere be found. The deep Melancholy, which had hung upon his Mind some Time before, made them apprehend the worst that could befall him. *Constantia*, who knew that nothing but the Report of her Marriage could have driven him to such Extremities, was not to be comforted: She now accused herself for having so tamely given an Ear to the Proposal of a Husband, and looked upon the new Lover as the Murderer of *Theodosius*: In short, she resolved to suffer the utmost Effects of her Father’s Displeasure, rather than comply with a Marriage which appeared to her so full of Guilt and Horror. The Father seeing himself entirely rid of *Theodosius*, and likely to keep a considerable

Portion in his Family, was not very much concerned at the obstinate Refusal of his Daughter; and did not find it very difficult to excuse himself upon that Account to his intended Son-in-law, who had all along regarded this Alliance rather as a Marriage of Convenience than of Love. *Constantia* had now no Relief but in her Devotions and Exercises of Religion, to which her Afflictions had so entirely subjected her Mind, that after some Years had abated the Violence of her Sorrows, and settled her Thoughts in a kind of Tranquillity, she resolved to pass the Remainder of her Days in a Convent. Her Father was not displeased with [a] Resolution, [which] would save Money in his Family, and readily complied with his Daughter's Intentions. Accordingly in the Twenty-fifth Year of her Age, while her Beauty was yet in all its Height and Bloom, he carried her to a neighbouring City, in order to look out a Sisterhood of Nuns among whom to place his Daughter. There was in this Place a Father of a Convent who was very much renowned for his Piety and exemplary Life; and as it is usual in the *Romish* Church for those who are under any great Affliction, or Trouble of Mind, to apply themselves to the most eminent Confessors for Pardon and Consolation, our beautiful Votary took the Opportunity of confessing herself to this celebrated Father.

We must now return to *Theodosius*, who, the very Morning that the above-mentioned Enquiries

had been made after him, arrived at a religious House in the City, where now *Constantia* resided; and desiring that Secrecy and Concealment of the Fathers of the Convent, which is very usual upon any extraordinary Occasion, he made himself one of the Order, with a private Vow never to enquire after *Constantia*; whom he looked upon as given away to his Rival upon the Day on which, according to common Fame, their Marriage was to have been solemnized. Having in his Youth made a good Progress in Learning, that he might dedicate [himself] more entirely to Religion, he entered into holy Orders, and in a few Years became renowned for his Sanctity of Life, and those pious Sentiments which he inspired into all [who] conversed with him. It was this holy Man to whom *Constantia* had determined to apply herself in Confession, though neither she nor any other besides the Prior of the Convent, knew anything of his Name or Family. The gay, the amiable *Theodosius* had now taken upon him the Name of Father *Francis*, and was so far concealed in a long Beard, a [shaven] Head, and a religious Habit, that it was impossible to discover the Man of the World in the venerable Conventual.

As he was one Morning shut up in his Confessional, *Constantia* kneeling by him opened the State of her Soul to him; and after having given him the History of a Life full of Innocence, she burst out in Tears, and entered upon that Part of her Story in which he himself had so great a Share.

My Behaviour, says she, has I fear been the Death of a Man who had no other Fault but that of loving me too much. Heaven only knows how dear he was to me whilst he lived, and how bitter the Remembrance of him has been to me since his Death. She here paused, and lifted up her Eyes that streamed with Tears towards the Father; who was so moved with the Sense of her Sorrows, that he could only command his Voice, which was broke with Sighs and Sobblings, so far as to bid her proceed. She followed his Directions, and in a Flood of Tears poured out her Heart before him. The Father could not forbear weeping aloud, insomuch that in the Agonies of his Grief the Seat shook under him. *Constantia*, who thought the good Man was thus moved by his Compassion towards her, and by the Horror of her Guilt, proceeded with the utmost Contrition to acquaint him with that Vow of Virginity in which she was going to engage herself, as the proper Atonement for her Sins, and the only Sacrifice she could make to the Memory of *Theodosius*. The Father, who by this time had pretty well composed himself, burst out again in Tears upon hearing that Name to which he had been so long disused, and upon receiving this Instance of an unparalleled Fidelity from one who he thought had several Years since given herself up to the Possession of another. Amidst the Interruptions of his Sorrow, seeing his Penitent overwhelmed with Grief, he was only able to bid her from time to time be comforted—

To tell her that her Sins were forgiven her— That her Guilt was not so great as she apprehended —That she should not suffer herself to be afflicted above Measure. After which he recovered himself enough to give her the Absolution in Form; directing her at the same time to repair to him again the next Day, that he might encourage her in the pious Resolutions she had taken, and give her suitable Exhortations for her Behaviour in it. *Constantia* retired, and the next Morning renewed her Applications. *Theodosius* having manned his Soul with proper Thoughts and Reflections, exerted himself on this Occasion in the best Manner he could to animate his Penitent in the Course of Life she was entering upon, and wear out of her Mind those groundless Fears and Apprehensions which had taken Possession of it; concluding with a Promise to her, that he would from time to time continue his Admonitions when she should have taken upon her the holy Veil. The Rules of our respective Orders, says he, will not permit that I should see you, but you may assure yourself not only of having a Place in my Prayers, but of receiving such frequent Instructions as I can convey to you by Letters. Go on cheerfully in the glorious Course you have undertaken, and you will quickly find such a Peace and Satisfaction in your Mind, which it is not in the Power of the World to give.

Constantia's Heart was so elevated with the Discourse of Father *Francis*, that the very next

Day she entered upon her Vow. As soon as the Solemnities of her Reception were over, she retired, as it is usual, with the Abbess into her own Apartment.

The Abbess had been informed the Night before of all that had passed between her Noviciate and Father *Francis*: From whom she now delivered to her the following Letter.

“As the First-fruits of those Joys and Consolations which you may expect from the Life you are now engaged in, I must acquaint you that *Theodosius*, whose Death sits so heavy upon your Thoughts, is still alive; and that the Father, to whom you have confessed yourself, was once that *Theodosius* whom you so much lament. The love which we have had for one another will make us more happy in its Disappointment than it could have done in its Success. Providence has disposed of us for our Advantage, though not according to our Wishes. Consider your *Theodosius* still as dead, but assure yourself of one who will not cease to pray for you in Father

FRANCIS.”

Constantia saw that the Hand-writing agreed with the Contents of the Letter: and upon reflecting on the Voice of the Person, the Behaviour, and above all the extreme Sorrow of the Father during her Confession, she discovered *Theodosius* in every Particular. After having wept with Tears of Joy, It is enough, says she, *Theodosius*

is still in Being: I shall live with Comfort and die in Peace.

The Letters which the Father sent her afterwards are yet extant in the Nunnery where she resided; and are often read to the young Religious, in order to inspire them with good Resolutions and Sentiments of Virtue. It so happened that after *Constantia* had lived about ten Years in the Cloister, a violent Fever broke out in the Place, which swept away great Multitudes, and among others *Theodosius*. Upon his Death-bed he sent his Benediction in a very moving Manner to *Constantia*, who at that time was herself so far gone in the same fatal Distemper, that she lay delirious. Upon the Interval which generally precedes Death in Sickneses of this Nature, the Abbess, finding that the Physicians had given her over, told her that *Theodosius* was just gone before her, and that he had sent her his Benediction in his last Moments. *Constantia* received it with Pleasure: And now, says she, If I do not ask anything improper, let me be buried by *Theodosius*. My Vow reaches no farther than the Grave. What I ask is, I hope, no Violation of it.—She died soon after, and was interred according to her Request.

Their tombs are still to be seen, with a short Latin Inscription over them to the following Purpose:

Here lie the Bodies of Father *Francis* and Sister *Constance*. *They were lovely in their Lives, and in their Deaths they were not divided.*

THE CITIZEN'S JOURNAL

MONDAY, *Eight a-Clock.* I put on my Clothes and walked into the Parlour.

Nine a-Clock ditto. Tied my Knee-strings, and washed my Hands.

Hours Ten, Eleven and Twelve. Smoked three Pipes of *Virginia*. Read the *Supplement* and *Daily Courant*. Things go ill in the North. Mr. *Nisby's* Opinion thereupon.

One a-Clock in the Afternoon. Chid *Ralph* for mislaying my Tobacco-Box.

Two a-Clock. Sate down to Dinner. *Mem.* Too many Plums, and no Suet.

From Three to Four. Took my Afternoon's Nap.

From Four to Six. Walked into the Fields. Wind, S.S.E.

From Six to Ten. At the Club. Mr. *Nisby's* Opinion about the Peace.

Ten a-Clock. Went to Bed, slept sound.

TUESDAY, BEING HOLIDAY, *Eight a-Clock.* Rose as usual.

Nine a-Clock. Washed Hands and Face, shaved, put on my double-soled Shoes.

Ten, Eleven, Twelve. Took a Walk to *Islington*.

One. Took a Pot of Mother *Cob's* Mild.

Between Two and Three. Returned, dined on a Knuckle of Veal and Bacon. *Mem.* Sprouts wanting.

Three. Nap as usual.

From Four to Six. Coffee-house. Read the News. A Dish of Twist. Grand Vizier strangled.

From Six to Ten. At the Club. Mr. Nisby's Account of the Great Turk.

Ten. Dream of the Grand Vizier. Broken Sleep.

WEDNESDAY, *Eight a-Clock.* Tongue of my Shoe-Buckle broke. Hands but not Face.

Nine. Paid off the Butcher's Bill. *Mem.* To be allowed for the last Leg of Mutton.

Ten, Eleven. At the Coffee-house. More Work in the North. Stranger in a black Wig asked me how Stocks went.

From Twelve to One. Walked in the Fields. Wind to the South.

From One to Two. Smoked a Pipe and an half.

Two. Dined as usual. Stomach good.

Three. Nap broke by the falling of a Pewter Dish. *Mem.* Cook-maid in Love, and grown careless.

From Four to Six. At the Coffee-house. Advice from *Smyrna*, that the Grand Vizier was first of all strangled, and afterwards beheaded.

Six a-Clock in the Evening. Was half an Hour in the Club before any Body else came. Mr. Nisby of Opinion that the Grand Vizier was not strangled the Sixth Instant.

Ten at Night. Went to Bed. Slept without waking till Nine next Morning.

THURSDAY, *Nine a-Clock.* Stayed within till Two a-Clock for Sir *Timothy*; who did not bring me my Annuity according to his Promise.

Two in the Afternoon. Sate down to Dinner. Loss of Appetite. Small Beer sour. Beef over-corned.

Three. Could not take my Nap.

Four and Five. Gave *Ralph* a box on the Ear. Turned off my Cookmaid. Sent a Message to Sir *Timothy*. *Mem.* I did not go to the Club to-night. Went to Bed at Nine a-Clock.

FRIDAY. Passed the Morning in Meditation upon Sir *Timothy*, who was with me a Quarter before Twelve.

Twelve a-Clock. Bought a new Head to my Cane, and a Tongue to my Buckle. Drank a Glass of Purl to recover Appetite.

Two and Three. Dined, and Slept well.

From Four to Six. Went to the Coffee-house. Met Mr. *Nisby* there. Smoked several Pipes. Mr. *Nisby* of opinion that laced Coffee is bad for the Head.

Six a-Clock. At the Club as Steward. Sate late.

Twelve a-Clock. Went to Bed, dreamt that I drank Small Beer with the Grand Vizier.

SATURDAY. Waked at Eleven, walked in the Fields. Wind N.E.

Twelve. Caught in a Shower.

One in the Afternoon. Returned home, and dried myself.

Two. Mr. *Nisby* dined with me. First Course Marrow-bones, Second Ox-Cheek, with a Bottle of Brooks and *Hellier*.

Three a-Clock. Overslept myself.

Six. Went to the Club. Like to have fallen into a Gutter. Grand Vizier certainly Dead. *etc.*

THE DIARY OF A LADY

TUESDAY Night. Could not go to sleep till one in the Morning for thinking of my Journal.

WEDNESDAY. *From Eight 'till Ten,* Drank two Dishes of Chocolate in Bed, and fell asleep after 'em.

From Ten to Eleven. Eat a Slice of Bread and Butter, drank a Dish of Bohea, read the *Spectator*.

From Eleven to One. At my Toilet, tried a new Head. Gave Orders for *Veny* to be combed and washed. *Mem.* I look best in Blue.

From One till Half an Hour after Two. Drove to the Change. Cheapened a Couple of Fans.

Till Four. At Dinner. *Mem.* Mr. *Froth* passed by in his new Liveries.

From Four to Six. Dressed, paid a Visit to old Lady *Blithe* and her Sister, having before heard they were gone out of Town that Day.

From Six to Eleven. At Basset. *Mem.* Never set again upon the Ace of Diamonds.

THURSDAY. *From Eleven at Night to Eight in the Morning.* Dreamed that I punted to Mr. *Froth*.

From Eight to Ten. Chocolate. Read two Acts in *Aurenzebe*¹ abed.

From Ten to Eleven. Tea-Table. Sent to borrow Lady *Faddle's Cupid* for *Veny*. Read the Play-Bills. Received a Letter from Mr. *Froth*. *Mem.* locked it up in my strong Box.

Rest of the Morning. *Fontange*, the Tire-woman, her Account of my Lady *Blithe's* Wash. Broke a Tooth in my little Tortoise-shell Comb. Sent *Frank* to know how my Lady *Hectick* rested after her Monkey's leaping out at Window. Looked pale. *Fontange* tells me my Glass is not true. Dressed by Three.

From Three to Four. Dinner cold before I sat down.

From Four to Eleven. Saw Company. Mr. *Froth's* Opinion of *Milton*. His Account of the *Mohocks*. His Fancy for a Pin-cushion. Picture in the Lid of his Snuff-box. Old Lady *Faddle* promises me her Woman to cut my Hair. Lost five Guineas at Crimp.

Twelve a-Clock at Night. Went to Bed.

FRIDAY. *Eight in the Morning.* Abed. Read over all Mr. *Froth's* Letters. *Cupid* and *Veny*.

Ten a-Clock. Stayed within all day, not at home.

¹ Dryden's.

From Ten to Twelve. In Conference with my Mantua-Maker. Sorted a Suit of Ribbands. Broke my Blue China Cup.

From Twelve to One. Shut myself up in my Chamber, practised Lady *Betty Modely's* Scuttle.

One in the Afternoon. Called for my flowered Handkerchief. Worked half a Violet-Leaf in it. Eyes ached and Head out of Order. Threw by my Work, and read over the remaining Part of *Aurenzebe*.

From Three to Four. Dined.

From Four to Twelve. Changed my Mind, dressed, went abroad, and played at Crimp till Midnight. Found Mrs. *Spitely* at home. Conversation: Mrs. *Brilliant's* Necklace false Stones. Old Lady *Loveday* going to be married to a young Fellow that is not worth a Groat. Miss *Prue* gone into the Country. *Tom Townley* has red Hair. *Mem.* Mrs. *Spitely* whispered in my Ear that she had something to tell me about Mr. *Froth*, I am sure it is not true.

Between Twelve and One. Dreamed that Mr. *Froth* lay at my Feet, and called me *Indamora*.

SATURDAY. Rose at Eight a-Clock in the Morning. Sate down to my Toilet.

From Eight to Nine. Shifted a Patch for Half an Hour before I could determine it. Fixed it above my left Eye-brow.

From Nine to Twelve. Drank my Tea, and dressed.

From Twelve to Two. At Chappel. A great deal of good Company. *Mem.* The third Air in the new Opera. Lady *Blithe* dressed frightfully.

From Three to Four. Dined. Miss *Kitty* called upon me to go to the Opera before I was risen from Table.

From Dinner to Six. Drank Tea. Turned off a Footman for being rude to *Veny*.

Six a-Clock. Went to the Opera. I did not see Mr. *Froth* till the beginning of the second Act. Mr. *Froth* talked to a Gentleman in a black Wig. Bowed to a Lady in the front Box. Mr. *Froth* and his Friend clapped *Nicolini* in the third Act. Mr. *Froth* cried out *Ancora*. Mr. *Froth* led me to my Chair. I think he squeezed my Hand.

Eleven at Night. Went to Bed. Melancholy Dreams. Methought *Nicolini* said he was Mr. *Froth*.

SUNDAY. Indisposed.

MONDAY. *Eight a-Clock.* Waked by Miss *Kitty*. *Aurenzebe* lay upon the Chair by me. *Kitty* repeated without Book the Eight best Lines in the Play. Went in our Mobs to the dumb Man, according to Appointment. Told me that my Lover's Name began with a G. *Mem.* The Conjurer was within a Letter of Mr. *Froth's* Name. *etc.*

FROM THE *FREEHOLDER*

A TORY FOXHUNTER

As I was last Friday taking a Walk in the Park, I saw a Country Gentleman at the side of *Rosamond's* Pond, pulling a Handful of Oats out of his Pocket, and with a great deal of Pleasure, gathering the Ducks about him. Upon my coming up to him, who should it be but my Friend the Foxhunter, whom I gave some Account of in my 22nd Paper! I immediately joined him, and partook of his Diversion, till he had not an Oat left in his Pocket. We then made the Tour of the Park together, when after having entertained me with the Description of a Decoy-Pond that lay near his Seat in the Country, and of a Meeting House that was going to be re-built in a neighbouring Market Town, he gave me an Account of some very odd Adventures which he had met with that Morning; and which I shall lay together in a short and faithful History, as well as my Memory will give me Leave.

My Friend, who has a natural Aversion to *London* would never have come up, had not he been subpoenaed to it, as he told me, in order to give his Testimony for one of the Rebels, whom

he knew to be a very fair Sportsman. Having travelled all Night, to avoid the Inconveniences of Dust and Heat, he arrived with his Guide, a little after break of Day, at Charing Cross; where to his great surprise he saw a running Footman carried in a Chair followed by a Waterman in the same kind of Vehicle. He was wondering at the Extravagance of their Masters, that furnished them with such Dresses and Accommodations, when on a sudden he beheld a Chimney-Sweeper, conveyed after the same manner, with three Footmen running before him. During his Progress through the *Strand* he met with several other Figures no less wonderful and surprising. Seeing a great many in rich Morning Gowns, he was amazed to find that Persons of Quality were up so early. And was no less astonished to see many Lawyers in their Bar Gowns, when he knew by his Almanac the Term was ended. As he was extremely puzzled and confounded in himself what all this should mean, a Hackney-Coach chancing to pass by him, Four *Batts* popped out their Heads all at once, which very much frightened both him and his Horse. My Friend who always takes Care to cure his Horse of such starting Fits, spurred him up to the very side of the Coach to the no small Diversion of the *Batts*, who seeing him with his long Whip, Horse-hair Periwig, jockey Belt and Coat without Sleeves, fancied him to be one of the Masqueraders on Horseback, and received him with a loud Peal of Laughter. His

Mind being full of idle Stories, which are spread up and down the nation by the Disaffected, he immediately concluded that all the Persons he saw in these strange Habits were Foreigners, and conceived a great Indignation against them, for pretending to laugh at an *English* Country Gentleman. But he soon recovered out of his Error, by hearing the Voices of several of them, and particularly of a Shepherdess quarrelling with her Coachman, and threatening to break his Bones in very intelligible *English* though with a Masculine Tone. His Astonishment still increased upon him, to see a continued Procession of Harlequins, Scaramouches, Punchinello's and a thousand other merry Dresses, by which People of Quality distinguish their Wit from that of the Vulgar.

Being now advanced as far as *Somerset House* and observing it to be the great Hive whence this Swarm of Chimeras issued forth from Time to Time, my Friend took his Station among a Cluster of Mob, who were making themselves merry with their Betters.

The first that came out was a very venerable Matron, with a Nose and Chin, that were within a very little of touching one another. My Friend at the first View fancying her to be an old Woman of Quality, out of his good breeding put off his Hat to her, when the Person pulling off her Masque, to his great surprise appeared a Smock-faced young Fellow. His Attention was soon taken off from this Object and turned

to another that had very hollow Eyes, and a wrinkled Face, which flourished in all the Bloom of Fifteen. The Whiteness of the Lily was blended in it with the Blush of the Rose. He mistook it for a very whimsical kind of Masque; but upon a nearer View he found that she held her Vizard in her Hand, and that what he saw was only her natural Countenance touched up with the usual Improvements of an aged Coquette.

The next who shewed herself was a Female Quaker, so very pretty, that he could not forbear licking his Lips, and saying to the mob about him. *'Tis ten thousand Pities she is not a Church-Woman.* The Quaker was followed by half a dozen Nuns, who filed off one after another up Catherine-street, to their respective Convents in Drury-lane.

The Squire observing the Preciseness of their Dress, began now to imagine after all that this was a Nest of Sectaries; for he had often heard that the Town was full of them. He was confirmed in his Opinion upon seeing a Conjuror whom he guessed to be the Holder-forth. However, to satisfy himself he asked a Porter, who stood next him, what Religion these People were of? The Porter replied *They are of no Religion, tis a Masquerade.* Upon that says my Friend, I began to smoke that they were a Parcel of Mummers; and being himself one of the Quorum in his own County, could not but wonder that none of the *Middlesex* Justices took Care to lay

some of them by the Heels. He was more provoked in the Spirit of Magistracy, upon discovering two very unseemly Objects: The first was a judge, who rapped out a great Oath at his Footman; and the other a big bellied Woman, who upon taking a Leap into a Coach miscarried of a Cushion. What still gave him greater Offence was a drunken Bishop, who reeled from one side of the Court to the other, and was very sweet upon an *Indian* Queen. But his Worship, in the midst of his Austerity was mollified at the Sight of a very lovely Milk-maid, whom he began to regard with an Eye of Mercy, and conceived a particular Affection for her, 'till he found to his great Amazement, that the Standers by suspected her to be a Duchess.

I must not conclude this Narrative without mentioning one Disaster which happened to my Friend on this Occasion. Having for his better Convenience dismounted and mixed among the Crowd, he found upon his Arrival at the Inn that he had lost his Purse and his Almanac. And though 'tis no Wonder such a trick should be played him by some of the curious Spectators, he cannot beat it out of his Head, but that it was a Cardinal who picked his Pocket, and that this Cardinal was a Presbyterian in Disguise.

MARGARET CAVENDISH, DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE

1624?–1674

BORN at St. Johns, near Colchester, being the daughter of Sir Thomas Lucas, a landed gentleman, who died when she was a child; Margaret's mother brought up her family "in plenty or rather with superfluity . . . virtuously, modestly, civilly, and on honest principles". She provided them with the best tutors, "rich and costly dress, honest pleasures and harmless delights", holding that economy would develop "sharking qualities, mean thoughts, and base actions".

This elegant circle was inevitably broken up by the outbreak of Civil War, and having with difficulty obtained her heart's desire—to be Maid of Honour to the Queen—she accompanied Henrietta Maria to Paris and there soon became the second wife of William Cavendish, Marquis, and later Duke, of Newcastle.

In earlier days Cavendish had entertained Royalty, with two of Ben Jonson's masques, at a cost of £20,000; and his varied experiences of Court favour and the Battlefield never cured

him of the princely extravagance befitting, as he maintained, his rank; approved and supported by his wife.

They had serious difficulties during exile, but for once Charles II.'s gratitude was no less practical than gracious and, while estimating his total losses from confiscation and plunder at £940,000, the "puissant Prince" was able to employ the autumn of life in the establishment of a racecourse (run every month on his own rules) near Welbeck, and earn the title of "our English Mæcenæ" by generous and discerning patronage of the art.

His "extraordinary *Invention to dress Horses* and work them, according to Nature" and the earlier *Méthode de dresser les chevaux* are of far greater importance than his "silly comedies", but he is now chiefly remembered for the quite charming verses he contributed to many of his wife's books, and for her delightful *Life* of the husband she both loved and admired; though Pepys declared it proved her a madman and him an ass.

No doubt the Duchess had all the eccentricities of genius; among them a dangerous habit of speaking her own mind, on every subject. She was, moreover, enormously industrious, and is said to have "kept a great many young ladies about her person who occasionally wrote what she dictated. Some of them slept in a room contiguous to that in which Her Grace lay, and

were ready at the call of her bell, to rise any hour of the night to write down her conceptions, lest they should escape her memory. The young ladies no doubt often dreaded her conceptions, which were frequent."

The combination of irregular habits and original dress, with extreme piety and the daring to write on abstract philosophy and science without knowledge, made her an easy target for ridicule; and contributed to the neglect which her charming lyrical gifts and the vigorous originality of her best prose have suffered so long.

FROM *NATURE'S PICTURES DRAWN BY
FANCIES' PENCIL*

THE STRICT ASSOCIATE

THERE was a Gentleman came to a Lady
with a Message from his Lord, which was
to tell her his Lord would come and visit her.

Sir, said she, is your Lord a Poet;
No, Lady, said he,
Said she, then he hath no Divine Soul.
Is he a Philosopher, said she?
No, Madam, said he.
Then, said she, he hath no Rational Soul,
Is he an Historian, said she?
Neither, said he.
Then, said she, he hath no Learned Soul.
Is he an ancient Man, said she?
No, Lady, said he.
Then he hath no Experienced Soul.
Is he an Orator, said she?
No, Lady, said he.
Then he hath no Eloquent Soul.

And if he hath neither Poetical Wit, Philosophical Wisdom, Studious Learning, Experienced Knowledge, nor Eloquent Language, he cannot be conversible; and if he be not conversible, his

Visit can neither be profitable nor pleasant, but troublesome and tedious; therefore, I shall entreat your Lord by the return of my Answer, that he will spare his pains, and my pain, in giving me a Visit.

But, said the man, though my Lord is neither a Poet, a Philosopher, an Historian, Orator, or Aged, yet he is a young beautiful Man, which is more acceptable to a fair Lady.

Sir, said she, youth and Beauty appears worse in men than Age and Deformity in Women; wherefore, said she, if it were in my power, I would make a Law that all young Men should be kept to their Studies, so long as their Effeminate Beauty doth last, and old Women should be put into Cloisters, when their youth and Beauty is past: but, said she, the custom of the World is otherwise, for old Women and young Men appear most to the public view in the World, when young Women and aged Men often retire from it.

THE DISCREET VIRGIN

THERE was a grave Matron who came to visit a young Virgin, whom she asked why she did not marry, since she was of marriageable years. Truly, said she, I am best pleased with a single life.

What! answered the Matron, will you lead Apes in Hell. The young Lady said, it was better to lead Apes in Hell, than live like Devils

on Earth, for, said she, I have heard that a married Couple seldom or never agree, the Husband roars in drink, and the Wife scolds in her Choler, the Servants quarrel, the Children cry, and all is more disorder, than tis thought Hell is, and a more confused noise.

Said the Matron, such are only the poor meaner sort of people, that live so, but the noble and rich men and their wives live otherwise; for the better sort, as the noble and rich, when they are drunk are carried straight to bed, and laid to sleep, and their wives dance until their husbands are sober.

Said the Lady, if they dance until their Husbands are sober, they will dance until they are weary. So they do, replied the Matron.

Why said the Lady, the Husbands are for the most part drunk. And the other answered and the Ladies are for the most part dancing.

But by your favour, said the Matron, men are not so often nor so constantly drunk as you report them.

Answered the young Lady, you shall be judge if I slander them; for they drink drunk at dinner, and before they are thoroughly sober, they go to supper; and they drink so as they go drunk to bed, and in the morning they will have their refreshing draughts: But, said she, I perceive you think none are drunk but those that drink in a Tavern; but they, let me tell you, are sober men to home Drunkards; and Taverns are quiet

orderly Houses, to great, noble, and rich Men's Houses; for Palaces are oft-times but hospitable Taverns, Inns, and Bawdy Houses, only their Guests pay nothing for their fare: but when they are Gaming Houses, then they pay the Box.

Fie, Lady, Fie, said the Matron, why do you abuse Noble Persons.

I do not abuse them, answered she, they abuse themselves. We will leave off this discourse, said the Matron, and talk of Husbands.

We have talked said the young Lady of Husbands already; besides the Theme is so bad, that the discourse thereon cannot be good.

I am come said the Matron to offer you a Husband.

She replied she was offered Husbands enough but there were none worth the taking: for, said she, Men in this Age are far worse than Women, and more ridiculous in their behaviours, discourses, dressings, vanities, and idleness; as for their humours, said she, they are either Apish, constrained, or rude; if they be apish, they put themselves into a hundred several postures in an hour, and so full of apish actions, as scratching their heads, or some other parts, when they do not itch, or setting their hair or goggling their hats, with jogging their heads, one while backwards, as to the noddle of their heads, and then forwards, as to their brows; or fumbling with their buttons, band strings or boot hose, or pulling their cloaks one while upon one shoulder

and then on another, and then back again; or else pull their cloak with one hand, and hold it fast with the other; this pulling motion being a mode-motion: but those are very much in the mode, lap it about their waist, all in a crumple like a scarf; or else like malcontents, muffle themselves therein. As for their behaviour, those that are fantastical, their bodies are in perpetual motion, winding or turning or writhing about, or dancing affectedly, singing fa, fa la, or whistling like a Carter, or lie careless upon the ground kicking back their heels, or with the end of their feet lie kicking the ground. But when they affect a careless behaviour, as thinking it dignifies them (as all those that have been meanly born or bred, and have had some advancement either by riches, offices, royal favours, or by fortune) then they sit lolling upon their breech, or lean on their elbows, gaping or stretching themselves, or else laying the ankle of one leg upon the knee of the other, heaving their feet up towards the nostrils of their company, especially when Ladies are by.

Methinks, said the Matron, that is an ill behaviour to thrust their feet towards a fair Lady's nose.

They do so answered she; also they have a restless mode, to stand up one minute, the next sit down, dividing the time of visiting, as neither in going, nor staying, but between both; for they neither quietly stay, nor civilly take their leave; and in Winter, where there is a Fire, as

soon as they come into a room, they straight go to the fire, and there turn their backs to warm their breeches, with their hands turned back upon them; but if it be in Summer, then they lean their breech upon the chimney side, or against a wall standing crossed legged, or else they stand bowing over a chair's back, or set their stomachs against the edge of a table and lay the upper part of the body thereon; and sometimes they rest their elbows thereon, and hold up their chins with the palm of their hands, or wrist, and in all these actions their tongues run with nonsense. But the rudest behaviour is to pull out the Ladies' fans, or muffs out of their hands, to fling their cloaks or coats on their beds, couches, or tables, or to lie rudely upon their beds or couches, or to come unawares and kiss their necks, or embrace their waist, and twenty such like tricks, whilst no Woman of Honour can like, but will be very angry; yet they know not how to be revenged, unless they engage their nearest Friends, as Fathers, Brothers, Uncles, or Husbands in a Quarrel; for they cannot fight with Men themselves, their strength is too weak, although their will is good. And as for Men's discourse, for the most part, it is swearing, bragging, ranting, raillery, railing, or lascivious; and in their dressings and fashions they are more fantastical, various and unconstant than Women are; for they change their blocks for their hats, although they cannot their block heads, forty times oftener than Women

change the shapes of their bags or hoods for their heads; and Men's bands, cuffs, and boot-hose-tops are changed into more several shapes than Women's gorgets, handkerchiefs, or any linen they wear; and for their doublets, breeches, cloaks, coats, and cassocks, they change their fashions oftener than the winds change their corners, where Women will keep to the fashion of their gowns, petticoats and waistcoats, two or three years before they alter their shapes. Neither do Men change for convenience, grace, or behaviour, but out of a fantastical vanity, and are not Men not more perfumed, curled, and powdered than Women? And more various colours and greater quantities of ribbons tied and set upon their hats, clothes, gloves, boots, shoes, and belts, than Women on their heads and gowns? And have not Men richer and more gayer clothes than Women have? And where Women make clothes once, Men make clothes three times; And Men exclaim against the vanities of Women, when they are a hundred times vainer than Women, and are more unnecessary expensive than Women are, when Women may be allowed by the severest judgments to be a little vain, as being Women, when it ought to be condemned in Men as effeminacy, and effeminacy in Men is a vice. The last is idleness; for do not Men spend their time far more idly, besides wickeder than Women? And do not Men run visiting from house to house, for no other purpose, but to twattle, spending

their time in idle and fruitless discourse? And do not Men meet every day in Taverns and Ordinaries, to sit and gossip over a cup of wine, when Women are condemned for gossiping once in a quarter of a year, at a Labour, or a Christening, or at the Upsitting of a Childbed Woman. And do not Men run and hunt about for news, and then meet to gossip on it with their censuring verdicts? Besides they are so greedy of twattle, that rather than want idle matter to prate of, they will invent news and then falsely report it, but such are accounted Wits that can make the most probable lies, which they call gulling.

Also have not Men more foolish quarrels than Women have? And are not Men more apt to take exceptions at each other than Women are? And will not Men dissemble, lie, flatter with each other more than Women do? And will not Men rail and backbite each other more than Women will? And are not Men more spiteful, envious, and malicious at each other than Women? And will not Men imitate each other's fantastical garbs, dress, and the like, more than Women? And will not Men ride from place to place to no purpose, more than Women? And do not Men take more delight in idle pastimes, and foolish sports, than Women? And in all this time of their visiting, club, gossiping, news, travelling, news venting, news making, vain spending, mode fashioning, foolish quarrelling and unprofitable journeying, what advantage do they

bring to the Commonwealth, or honour to their Posterity or Profit to themselves; none but are like Flies bred out of a dunghill, buzzing idly about, and then die; when Women are like industrious Ants, and prudent Bees, always employed to the benefit of their families; and unless I can have a Husband that is so wise that he can entertain himself with his own thoughts, to dwell quietly in his own house, governing prudently his own family, also to behave himself civilly, to speak rationally, to accoutre himself manfully, to defend himself and maintain his honour valiantly, to do nobly, to judge charitably, to live honestly, as to temper his appetites, rule his passions, or be industrious thereunto, I will never marry; for it is not only a Good Husband, but a Wise Man, that makes a Woman happy in Marriage etc.

MARRIAGE OF LIFE AND DEATH

DEATH went a wooing to Life: but his grim and terrible Aspect did so affright Life, that she ran away, and would by no means hearken unto his suit.

Then Death sent Age and Weakness, as two Ambassadors, to present his Affection: but Life would not give them Audience.

Whereupon Death sent Pain; who had such a persuasive Power, or Power of persuasion, that made Life yield to Death's embracements, and

after they were agreed, the Wedding-day was set and Guests invited.

Life invited five senses and all the Passions and Affections; and Beauty, Pleasure, Youth, Wit, Prosperity; and also Virtue and the Graces.

But Health, Strength, Cordials, and Charms, refused to come, which troubled Life much.

But none that Death invited refused to come, as being old Father Time, Weakness, Sickness, also all sorts of Pains, and all sorts of Diseases, and Killing Instruments, besides, Sighs, Tears, and Groans and Numbness and Paleness.

But when Life and Death met, Death took Life by the Hand, then Peace married them and Rest made their Bed of Oblivion, wherein Life lay in the cold Arms of Death. Yet Death got numerous Issues; and ever since, whatsoever is produced from Life, dies. Where before Marriage, there was no such thing as dying, for Death and Life were single, Death being a Bachelor and Life a Maid. But Life proved not so good a Wife as Death a Husband, for Death is sober, staid, grave, discreet, patient, dwelling silently and solitary: where Life is wild, various, unconstant, and runs about shunning her Husband Death's company.

But he, as a loving and fond Husband follows her; and when he embraces her, she grows big and soon produces young Lives. But all the Offspring of Death and Life are divided, half dwelling with Life, and half with Death.

But at this Wedding old Father Time, which looked the youngest, although he was the oldest in the Company, and danced the nimblest and best, making several changes in his Dances; besides he trod so gently, and moved so smoothly, but none could perceive how he did turn, and wind, and lead about. And being wiser than all the rest with long Experience, he behaved himself so handsomely, insinuated so subtly, courted so civilly, that he got all the Ladies' affections; and being dextrous, got Favours from everyone of them, and some extraordinary ones; for he devirginated Youth, Beauty, Pleasure, Prosperity, and all the five Senses, but could not corrupt Wit, Virtue, nor the Graces.

But Nature, hearing of the abuse of her Maids, was very angry, and forced him to marry them all. But they although they were enamoured of him before they were married, yet now they do as most other Wives do, not care for him, nay they hate him, rail and exclaim against him; that what with his peevish, froward, and cross Wives, and with the Jealousy he hath of Sickness, Pains and Mischances that often ravish them, he is become so full of Wrinkles, and his Hair is turned grey.

But Virtue and Wit, which are his sworn Friends and sweet Companions, he recreates himself with their pleasant, free, honest, and honourable Societies.

WILLIAM CONGREVE

1670-1729

BORN at Bardsley near Leeds, of a family long settled in Stretton, Staffordshire, the son of an officer commanding the garrison at Youghal and agent for the estates of the Earl of Cork, Congreve was educated at a Kilkenny school and at Trinity College, Dublin, comrade to Swift in both places.

He entered the Middle Temple; but from the first revealed a decided preference for literature, which he could fortunately indulge without imprudence. *Incognita* was said to have been written "in the idle hours of a fortnight's time", and his first play, *The Old Bachelor*, was composed "to amuse himself in a slow recovery from a fit of sickness".

Praised and encouraged, as a young man, by Dryden, he seems to have been almost at once accepted as a distinguished man of letters and master among the wits, receiving also the then customary official recognition—of Commissionerships for licensing, first "hackney coaches", and secondly, "wine"; with a secretaryship for "Jamaica".

He now enjoyed the ordinary life of a popular society man about town, avoiding, moreover, the usual jealousies by easy politeness to all; and as the distinguished author of brilliant and popular plays, universally flattered and admired. There is, moreover, a tribute on record from an obviously sincere friend, which declares him one of the "three most honest-hearted real good men" of the Kit-Cat Club, that suggests some more solid qualities than mere wit.

His theatrical life led to a close intimacy with Mrs. Bracegirdle; and society knew him as a favourite of the second Duchess of Marlborough; both remembered, though as Her Grace remarked scarcely in just proportions, in his Will. He is said to have suffered from the "good old gentlemanly vices" of gout and avarice; but actually died at his house in Surrey Street, Strand, from internal injuries as the result of the upsetting of his carriage.

FROM *INCOGNITA*

A PUBLIC HOLIDAY

BEFORE Sunrise they entered *Florence* at *Porta Romana*, attended only by two Servants, the rest being left behind to avoid notice; but, alas! they needed not to have used half that caution; for early as it was, the Streets were crowded with all sorts of People passing to and fro, and every Man employed in something relating to the Diversions to come; so that no notice was taken of anybody; a Marquess and his Train might have passed by as unregarded as a single Fachin or Cobbler. Not a Window in the Streets but echoed the tuning of a Lute or thrumming of a Guitar: for, by the way, the Inhabitants of *Florence* are strangely addicted to the love of Music, insomuch that scarce their Children can go, before they can scratch some Instrument or other. It was no unpleasing Spectacle to our Cavaliers (who, seeing they were not observed, resolved to make Observations) to behold the Diversity of Figures and Postures of many of these Musicians. Here you should have an affected Valet, who Mimicked the Behaviour of his Master, leaning carelessly against the

Window, with his Head on one side, in a languishing Posture, whining, in a low, mournful Voice, some dismal Complaint; while, from his sympathizing *Theorbo*, issued a Base no less doleful to the Hearers. In Opposition to him was set up perhaps a Cobbler, with the wretched Skeleton of a Guitar, battered and waxed together by his own Industry, and who with three Strings out of Tune, and his own tearing hoarse Voice, would rack attention from the Neighbourhood, to the great affliction of many more moderate Practitioners, who, no doubt, were full as desirous to be heard.

BEAUTY AND WIT

THE Coast being cleared, *Aurelian* took heart and bore up, and, striking sail, repeated his Ceremony to the Lady; who, having obligingly returned it, he accosted her in these or the like words:

“If I do not usurp a privilege reserved for someone more happy in your acquaintance, may I presume, Madam, to entreat (for a while) the favour of your Conversation, at least till the arrival of whom you expect, provided you are not tired of me before; for then upon the least intimation of uneasiness, I will not fail of doing myself the violence to withdraw for your release.” The Lady made him answer, she did not expect anybody; by which he might imagine her

Conversation not of value to be bespoke, and to afford it him, were but farther to convince him to her own cost. He replied, "She had already said enough to convince him of something he heartily wished might not be to his cost in the end." She pretended not to understand him; but told him, "If he already found himself grieved with her Conversation, he would have sufficient reason to repent the rashness of his first Demand before they had ended: for that now she intended to hold discourse with him, on purpose to punish his unadvisedness, in presuming upon a Person whose dress and mien might not (may be) be disagreeable to have wit." "I must confess (replied *Aurelian*) myself guilty of a Presumption, and willingly submit to the punishment you intend: and though it be an aggravation of a Crime to persevere in its justification, yet I cannot help defending an Opinion in which now I am more confirmed that probable conjectures may be made of the ingenious Disposition of the Mind, from the fancy and choice of Apparel." "The humour I grant ye (said the Lady) or constitution of the Person whether melancholic or brisk; but I should hardly pass my censure upon so slight an indication of wit: for there is your brisk fool as well as your brisk man of sense, and so of the melancholic. I confess 'tis possible a fool may reveal himself by his Dress, in wearing something extravagantly singular and ridiculous, or in preposterous suiting of colours; but a decency

of Habit (which is all that Men of best sense pretend to) may be acquired by custom and example, without putting the Person to a superfluous expense of wit for the contrivance; and though there should be occasion for it, few are so unfortunate in their Relations and Acquaintance not to have some Friend capable of giving them advice, if they are not too ignorantly conceited to ask it." *Aurelian* was so pleased with the easiness and smartness of her Expostulation, that he forgot to make a reply, when she seemed to expect it; but being a Woman of a quick Apprehension, and justly sensible of her own Perfections, she soon perceived he did not grudge his attention. However she had a mind to put it upon him to turn the discourse, so went on upon the same Subject. "Signor (said she) I have been looking round me, and by your Maxim I cannot discover one fool in the Company; for they are all well dressed." This was spoken with an Air of Raillery that awakened the Cavalier, who immediately made answer: "'Tis true, Madam, we see there may be as much variety of good fancies as of faces, yet there may be many of both kinds borrowed and adulterate if enquired into; and as you were pleased to observe, the invention may be Foreign to the Person who puts it in practice; and as good an Opinion as I have of an agreeable Dress, I should be loth to answer for the wit of all about us." "I believe you (says the Lady) and hope you are convinced of your

error, since you must allow it impossible to tell who of all this Assembly did or did not make choice of their own Apparel." "Not all (said *Aurelian*) there is an ungainness in some which betrays them. Look ye there (says he) pointing to a Lady who stood playing with the Tassels of her Girdle, I dare answer for that Lady, though she be very well dressed, 'tis more than she knows." His fair unknown could not forbear laughing at his particular distinction, and freely told him, he had indeed light upon one who knew as little as anybody in the Room, herself excepted. "Ah! Madam, (replied *Aurelian*) you know everything in the World but your own Perfections, and you only know not those, because 'tis the top of Perfection not to know them." "How? (replied the Lady) I thought it had been the extremity of knowledge to know one's self." *Aurelian* had a little over-strained himself in that Compliment, and I am of Opinion would have been puzzled to have brought himself off readily: but by good fortune the Music came into the Room and gave him an opportunity to seem to decline an answer, because the company prepared to dance: he only told her "he was too mean a Conquest for her wit who was already a Slave to the Charms of her Person." She thanked him for his Compliment, and briskly told him "she ought to have made him a return in praise of his wit, but she hoped he was a Man more happy than to be dissatisfied with any of his own Endowments; and if it were

so, that he had not a just Opinion of himself, she knew herself incapable of saying anything to beget one." *Aurelian* did not know well what to make of this last reply; for he always abhorred anything that was conceited, with which this seemed to reproach him. But however modest he had been heretofore in his own thoughts, yet never was he so distrustful of his good behaviour as now, being rallied so by a Person whom he took to be of judgment: Yet he resolved to take no notice, but with an Air unconcerned and full of good humour entreated her to Dance with him: She promised him to Dance with nobody else, nor I believe had she inclination; for notwithstanding her tartness, she was upon equal terms with him as to the liking of each other's Person and Humour, and only gave those little hints to try his Temper; there being certainly no greater sign of folly and ill breeding, than to grow serious and concerned at anything spoken in raillery: for his part, he was strangely and insensibly fallen in love with her Shape, Wit and Air; which, together with a white Hand, he had seen (perhaps not accidentally). . . . *Aurelian* had by this time danced himself into a Net which he neither could, nor which is worse desired to untangle.

His Soul was charmed to the movement of her Body: an Air so graceful, so sweet, so easy and so great, he had never seen. She had something of Majesty in her, which appeared to be

born with her; and though it struck an awe into the Beholders, yet was it sweetened with a familiarity of Behaviour, which rendered it agreeable to every Body. The grandeur of her Mien was not stiff, but unstudied and unforced, mixed with a simplicity; free, yet not loose nor affected. If the former seemed to condescend, the latter seemed to aspire; and both to unite in the centre of Perfection. Every turn she gave in dancing snatched *Aurelian* into a Rapture, and he had like to have been out two or three times with following his Eyes, which she led about as Slaves to her Heels.

As soon as they had done dancing, he began to complain of his want of Breath and Lungs, to speak sufficiently in her Commendation; She smilingly told him, he did ill to dance so much then: Yet in Consideration of the pains he had taken more than ordinary upon her account, she would bate him a great deal of Compliment, but with this Proviso, That he was to discover to her who he was. *Aurelian* was unwilling for the present to own himself to be really the Man he was; when a sudden thought came into his Head to take upon him the Name and Character of *Hippolito*, who he was sure was not known in *Florence*. He thereupon, after a little pause, pretended to recall himself in this manner: "Madam, it is no small demonstration of the entire Resignation which I have made of my Heart to your Chains, since the secrets of it are

no longer in my power. I confess I only took *Florence* in my way, not designing any longer Residence, than should be requisite to inform the Curiosity of a Traveller, of the rareties of the Place. Whether Happiness or Misery will be the Consequence of that Curiosity, I am yet in fear, and submit to your Determination; but sure I am, not to depart *Florence* till you have made me the most miserable Man in it, and refuse me the fatal Kindness of Dying at your Feet. I am by Birth a *Spaniard*, of the City of *Toledo*; my name *Hippolito di Saviolina*: I was yesterday a Man free, as Nature made the first; to-day I am fallen into a Captivity, which must continue with my Life, and which, it is in your power, to make much dearer to me. Thus in obedience to your Commands, and contrary to my Resolution of remaining unknown in this place, I have informed you, Madam, what I am; what I shall be, I desire to know from you; at least, I hope, the free discovery I have made of myself, will encourage you to trust me with the knowledge of your Person."

Here a low bow, and a deep sigh, put an end to his Discourse, and signified his Expectation of her Reply, which was to this purpose—(But I had forgot to tell you, That *Aurelian* kept off his Mask from the time that he told her he was of *Spain*, till the period of his Relation.) "Had I thought (said she) that my Curiosity would have brought me in debt, I should certainly have

forborne it; or at least have agreed with you beforehand about the rate of your discovery, then I had not brought myself to the Inconveniency of being censured, either of too much easiness or reservedness; but to avoid, as much as I can, the extremity of either, I am resolved but to discover myself in part, and will endeavour to give you as little occasion as I can, either to boast of, or ridicule the Behaviour of the Women of *Florence* in your Travels."

Aurelian interrupted her, and swore very solemnly (and the more heartily, I believe, because he then indeed spoke truth) that he would make *Florence* the place of his abode, whatever concerns he had elsewhere. She advised him to be cautious how he swore to his Expressions of Gallantry; and farther told him she now hoped she should make him a return to all the Fine Things he had said, since she gave him his choice whether he would know whom she was, or see her Face.

Aurelian who was really in Love, and in whom Consideration would have been a Crime, greedily embraced the latter, since she assured him at that time he should not know both. Well, what followed? Why, she pulled off her Mask, and appeared to him at once in the Glory of Beauty. But who can tell the astonishment *Aurelian* felt? He was for a time senseless; Admiration had suppressed his Speech, and his Eyes were entangled in Light. In short, to be made sensible

of his condition, we must conceive some Idea of what he beheld, which is not to be imagined till seen, nor then to be expressed. Now see the impertinence and conceitedness of an Author, who will have a fling at a Description, which he has Prefaced with an impossibility. One might have seen something in her Composition resembling the Formation of *Epicurus* his World, as if every Atom of Beauty had concurred to unite an excellency. Had that curious Painter lived in her days, he might have avoided his painful search, when he collected from the choicest pieces the most choice Features, and by a due Disposition and Judicious Symmetry of those exquisite parts, made one whole and perfect *Venus*. Nature seemed here to have played the Plagiary, and to have moulded into Substance the most refined Thoughts of inspired Poets. Her Eyes diffused Rays comfortable as warmth, and piercing as the light; they would have worked a passage through the straightest Pores, and with a delicious heat, have played about the most obdurate frozen Heart, until 'twere melted down to Love. Such Majesty and Affability were in her Looks; so alluring, yet commanding was her Presence, that it mingled awe with love; kindling a Flame which trembled to aspire. She had danced much, which, together with her being close masked, gave her a tincture of Carnation more than ordinary. But *Aurelian* (from whom I had every tittle of her Description) fancied he

saw a little Nest of Cupids break from the Tresses of her Hair, and every one officiously betake himself to his task. Some fanned with their downy Wings, her glowing Cheeks; while others brushed the balmy Dew from off her Face, leaving alone a heavenly Moisture bubbling on her Lips, on which they drank and revelled for their pains; Nay, so particular were their allotments in her service, that *Aurelian* was very positive a young Cupid who was but just Pen-feathered, employed his naked Quills to pick her Teeth. And a thousand other things his transport represented to him, which none but Lovers who have experience of such Visions will believe.

As soon as he awaked and found his Speech come to him, he employed it to this effect:

“ ’Tis enough that I have seen a Divinity——
Nothing but Mercy can inhabit these Perfections
——Their utmost rigour brings a Death preferable to any Life, but what they give——Use me, Madam, as you please; for by your fair self, I cannot think a Bliss beyond what now I feel——
You wound with Pleasure, and if you Kill it must be with Transport——Ah! Yet methinks to live——O Heaven! to have Life pronounced by those Blessed Lips——Did they not inspire where they command, it were an immediate Death of Joy.”

Aurelian was growing a little too loud with his Admiration, had she not just then interrupted him, by clapping on her Masque, and telling

him they should be observed, if he proceeded in his Extravagance; and withal, that his Passion was too sudden to be real, and too violent to be lasting. He replied, Indeed it might not be very lasting, (with a submissive mournful Voice) but it would continue during his Life. That it was sudden, he denied, for she had raised it by degrees from his first sight of her, by a continued discovery of Charms, in her Mien and Conversation, till she thought fit to set Fire to the Train she had laid, by the Lightning of her Face; and then he could not help it, if he were blown up.

He begged her to believe the Sincerity of his Passion, at least to enjoin him something, which might tend to the Convincing of her Incredulity. She said, she should find a time to make some Trials of him; but for the first, she charged him not to follow or observe her, after the Dissolution of the Assembly. He promised to obey, and entreated her to tell him but her Name, that he might have Recourse to that in his Affliction for her Absence, if he were able to survive it. She desired him to live by all means; and if he must have a Name to play with, to call her *Incognita*, till he were better informed.

HIPPOLITO: CONFOUNDED WITH LOVE

HIPPOLITO saw *Leonora* come forward, only accompanied by her Woman. She was in an undress, and by reason of a Melancholy

visible in her Face, more Careless than usual in her Attire, which he thought added as much as was possible to the abundance of her Charms. He had not much Time to Contemplate this Beauteous Vision, for she soon passed into the Garden of the Convent, leaving him Confounded with Love, Admiration, Joy, Hope, Fear, and all the Train of Passions, which seize upon Men in his Condition, all at once. He was so teased with this Variety of Torment, that he never missed the Two Hours that had slipped away during his Automachy and Intestine Conflict. *Leonora's* Return settled his Spirits, at least united them, and he had now no other Thought but how he should present himself before her. When she calling her Woman, bid her bolt the Garden Door on the Inside, that she might not be Surprised by her Father, if he returned through the Convent; which done, she ordered her to bring down her Lute, and leave her to herself in the Garden.

All this *Hippolito* saw and heard to his inexpressible Content, yet had he much to do to smother his Joy, and hinder it from taking a Vent, which would have ruined the only Opportunity of his Life. *Leonora* withdrew into an Arbour so near him, that he could distinctly hear her if she Played or Sung: Having tuned her Lute, with a Voice soft as the Breath of Angels, she flung to it this following Air:

I

*Ah! Whither, whither shall I fly,
 A poor unhappy Maid;
 To hopeless Love and Misery
 By my own Heart betray'd?
 Not by Alexis Eyes undone,
 Nor by his Charming Faithless Tongue,
 Or any Practis'd Art;
 Such real Ills may hope a Cure,
 But the sad Pains which I endure
 Proceed from fancied Smart.*

II

*'Twas Fancy gave Alexis Charms,
 Ere I beheld his Face:
 Kind Fancy (then) could fold our Arms,
 And form a soft Embrace.
 But since I've seen the real Swain,
 And try'd to fancy him again,
 I'm by my Fancy taught,
 Though 'tis a Bliss no Tongue can tell,
 To have Alexis, yet 'tis Hell
 To have him but in Thought.*

The Song ended grieved *Hippolito* that it was so soon ended; and in the Ecstasy he was then rapt, I believe he would have been satisfied to have expired with it. He could not help Flattering himself, (though at the same Time he checked his own Vanity) that he was the Person meant in the Song. While he was indulging which thought, to his happy Astonishment, he heard it encouraged by these Words:

“ Unhappy *Leonora* (said she) how is thy

poor unwary Heart misled? Whither am I come? The false deluding Lights of an imaginary Flame, have led me, a poor benighted Victim, to a real Fire. I burn and am consumed with hopeless Love; those Beams in whose soft temperate warmth I wantoned heretofore, now flash destruction to my Soul, my Treacherous greedy Eyes have sucked the glaring Light, they have united all its Rays, and, like a burning-Glass, conveyed the pointed Meteor to my Heart——Ah! *Aurelian*, how quickly hast thou Conquered, and how quickly must thou Forsake.——Oh Happy (to me unfortunately Happy) *Juliana*! ——I am to be the subject of thy Triumph——To thee *Aurelian* comes laden with the Tribute of my Heart and Glories in the Oblation of his broken Vows.——What then, is *Aurelian* False! ——False! alas, I know not what I say; How can he be False, or True, or any Thing to me? What Promises did he ere make or I receive? Sure I dream, or I am mad, and fancy it to be Love; Foolish Girl, recall thy banished Reason ——Ah! would it were no more, would I could rave, sure that would give me Ease, and rob me of the Sense of Pain; at least, among my wandering Thoughts, I should at some time light upon *Aurelian*, and fancy him to be mine; kind Madness would flatter my poor feeble Wishes, and sometimes tell me *Aurelian* is not lost——not irrecoverably——not for ever lost.”

Hippolito could hear no more, he had not Room

for half his Transport. When *Leonora* perceived a Man coming toward her, she fell a trembling, and could not speak. *Hippolito* approached with Reverence, as to a Sacred Shrine; when coming near enough to see her Consternation, he fell upon his Knees.

“Behold, O Adored *Leonora* (said he) your ravished *Aurelian*, behold at your Feet the Happiest of Men, be not disturbed at my Appearance, but think that Heaven conducted me to hear my Bliss pronounced by that dear Mouth alone, whose breath could fill me with new Life.”

GEORGE FARQUHAR

1678-1707

BORN at Londonderry, the son of a clergyman—possibly a Dean—Farquhar became a sizar at Trinity College, Dublin, but without much advantage to his brain or purse.

He began life on the Dublin stage, but, having accidentally stabbed a fellow-actor during a performance of Dryden's *Indian Emperor*, was shocked into giving up the profession. It is said that Wilkes advised him to write a comedy and gave him ten guineas for a start in London.

The experiment proved a success, and his first comedy *Love and a Bottle* was well received; though it was *The Constant Couple* (founded upon his own *Adventures of Covent Garden*) that established his fame; though play-writing never brought him prosperity.

Somewhere about 1700 the Earl of Orrery gave him a Lieutenant's commission, and he saw some active service in Holland. He had been very intimate with Anne Oldfield, but, in 1703, married a lady who pretended to be an heiress, and is said to have fully forgiven her the deception. He afterwards returned to the stage in

Dublin, but without success; though his plays—of which *Beaux' Stratagem* is the best—brought in some welcome profit.

Farquhar was always in difficulties, and never seems to have secured any of the material rewards, or recognition, that usually came the way of most literary men, with little, if any, more wit.

In the end it was, apparently, the broken promise of a patron that caused his death. The Duke of Ormonde advised him to pay his debts by selling his commission; on the understanding that His Grace would then give him a captaincy. This was so long delayed, that the young man sickened and died—in his thirtieth year.

Farquhar has been described as personally attractive and gay in company; essentially a gentleman, though affecting the immoralities then regarded as essential to fashion.

The pathetic letter to Wilkes, found after his death, offers a sad picture of a short, and almost wasted, life: "Dear Bob: I have not anything to leave thee to perpetuate my memory, but two helpless girls. Look upon them sometimes, and think of him that was, to the last moment of his life, thine. G. F."

FROM THE *ADVENTURES OF COVENT GARDEN*

HOW RIDICULOUS ARE LOVERS

How strangely ridiculous are Lovers! this Lady had been the greatest cause of many misfortunes to him, and he had substantial reasons to believe, the rigour of her Parents was only urged as an excuse to break with him; a reasonable Person would have considered as a Renegade from her lawful Husband, and might had some regard to the Protestations made to the virtuous Lady, and the improvement of his Fortune; I doubt not but the Gentleman's reason, which was of the ripest growth, suggested all these considerations to him: but alas, that Ingenuity which shewed him his error, plunged him the deeper in it; the Charms of his *Emilia* were so heightened by his creative fancy, his Wit looking through the Perspective of his Love, shewed all things so charming that nothing but Passion could predominate; and certainly the most ingenious Men are the most liable to the Snares of the Fair; whether it be that their Intellects are more fine, and therefore more adapted for the reception of the subtle Passion,

or being more subject to Vanity, may easily through a sense of their merit be drawn into a belief of their being beloved and consequently the more easily cheated.

AN OCCASION FOR WIT

THE second, worth Ten pound, *Peregrine* carried: not so glad for his success, as Proud to make such a Present to his Mistress; he was turning towards her to Present it, when the Masked Lady with a careless motion, as if by accident, pulled off her *Vizor*, and shewed him the Charming Face of his dear *Emilia*; she imagined, obliging him to know her was Claim sufficient to the *China*. Gods! how great was *Peregrine's* surprise! What a strange Dilemma was he brought to! all the rules of civility and good Manners, nay even gratitude, obliged him to give the Present to *Selinda* whom he had waited on to the Fair, nay, the Company had already begun to congratulate her success in that of the Gentleman; But *Emilia*, the charming *Emilia*, that held his Heart, detained his Hand; he had long since made her a Present of his Soul, and who now could stand in competition with her for anything else: He never had such occasion for his Wits to bring him off, but finding no Expedient readier, he pretending a Slip, let the *China* fall, and broke it, and feigning a dissatisfaction for the Loss, would throw no more, Both

the Ladies were well enough pleased, each imagining that he was vexed upon her score, supposing he intended it for her, which he purposely broke, lest he should oblige either by the displeasure of the other.

THOMAS BROWN

THERE is no definite evidence concerning the authorship of *Lindamira*, and we cannot therefore, with any assurance, identify Mr. Thomas Brown with the somewhat scurrilous, but decidedly witty, author of the *Letters from the Dead*. It has, inevitably, been attributed to him; but, while there is a certain similarity in manner and gaiety, it does not very closely resemble his amusing pictures of low life, and is practically free from the coarseness which was so marked a feature of his acknowledged work.

FROM THE *ADVENTURES OF LINDAMIRA*

TWO VERY BEAUISH SPARKS

WHILST I was there, came in Two very Beauish Sparks to visit my Dear Companion *Valeria* (for so he was called) they entertaining us with the News of the Town, and of the last Comedy, and pleasantly Reproached us for being at Home, when all the fine Ladies of Beauty, and Quality were at Play; as for my own part I told 'em I took more pleasure in looking on my Work, than others did in beholding all the Pageantry of the Operas; to this one of 'em replied, whose Name was Mr. W—— that 'twas a pity we were not of the Humour of the two Ladies I have already mentioned that were at the Play almost every Day, The Devil take 'em says t'other, all places are filled with their ugly Faces, I'd as see a Toad, as their two long noses appear. To this *Valeria* replied, That if she and I were of the same humour, he would say as much of us: But Mr. S. excused himself for using so coarse an Expression and to Atone for his Crime he told us both very obligingly, that our Faces would Command a universal Respect, and that the Critics in Beauty, would go with

Pleasure to those places, where they could delight their Eyes in beholding two such Miracles of Nature.

A FANTASTICAL FOP

PHILANDER took the opportunity to discover the weakness of his Soul, and his intolerable Foppery; he was very Loquacious, yet he often complained he wanted Rhetoric to express his Sentiments, which he did in such abominable far-fetched Metaphors, with Incoherent Fragments out of Plays, Novels and Romances, that I thought he had been really distracted. 'Tis impossible to represent to you, the several Grimaces, the Gestures of his Hands and Head, and with what eagerness he plied his Nose with Snuff, as if that would have inspired his shallow Noddle with Expressions suitable to the occasion. I said all to him that my Aversion could suggest, which I thought was enough to put a young Lover out of Hopes, and frighten my Parchment-Hero from making a second assault at my heart, which I was sure was proof against any Impression he could make. But Philander was resolved to persist in tormenting me, and in a Foppish Impertinent way, told me he would wait on me, whether I would or no, for he could not live without the Sight of me. . . .

I took the opportunity to assure him I was surprised to see him after the Repulses I had given him, for I was not of the humour to encourage the

Affection of Any one, only to add Trophies to my Victories; and that I thought it more for Reputation to have no Lovers at all, than such as I could have no Esteem for. Then Madam (said he) I perceive I am not of that Number that are blessed with your Esteem or Friendship, and retreating back a step or two, as if he had been Thunder-struck, he Cursed his Stars for Loving one (as he said) so Fair and yet so Cruel; and sighing said, When I reflect on the severity of my Destiny, and what Despair you drive me to, I am of all Men the most unhappy: But could I represent to you the Torments of Love, the Hopes, the Fears, the Jealousies that attend a violent Passion, it would certainly work upon your generous Humour, and would prevent those Miseries that accompan[y] a despairing Lover.

A METHODICAL OLD COXCOMB

THIS Knight was about the age of Forty-Five, Tall, Lean, and ill Shaped, but could not discover the least Relics of good Face. He was slow of Speech, Mightily Opinionated of his own Wit, one who delighted in Hard words and admired himself for his Discourses, his fustian way of expressing his wretched Thoughts, which he was pleased to mis-name Oratory, and Eloquence, at the same time he was insupportably Impertinent in all Companies; he would be giving his Advice when he was never asked and to the mortification

of all that conversed with him. He had a prodigious long Memory, which made him never to omit the least Circumstance that served to enlarge his Story; so that all his Auditors stood in need of what Patience they had, to support them under the fatigue (if I may so express it) of being obliged to give attention to him. . . .

All dinner-time he threw his Eyes about as if he would have thrown them at me. . . .

I could not help admiring that anything that went on two legs, and pretends to Reason, could be so vain, so conceited and so abandoned to folly. . . .

He afterwards began a long Harangue upon the second Chapter (as he expressed himself) of my Incomparable Perfections.

Madam (said he) Have you not heard of the Robbery that was committed within these few Hours at Noon day? The Party that was robbed lost his best Jewel in his Cabinet; and, continued he, the pretty Thief that stole the Prize, is within Ear-shot of me. I could not comprehend his meaning, as being utterly unacquainted with his figurative way of speaking, and innocently told him I was altogether ignorant of the strange news he told me, and that I did not know how I ought to apply his Simile; to yourself, said he, for you are the Thief above mentioned, and 'tis my Heart that is lost; and so with this thread-bare fulsome, weather beaten Simile, he persecuted me at least an Hour, telling me, that when he met with Ladies of Wit, he chose to entertain them with

Allegories. What I have related to you was not so soon spoke, as you may have read it over, for he drew out every Syllable with as much Grace as the slowest *Spaniard* in Castile, and this so effectually tired me, that like Prince *Pretty-man* in the *Rehearsal* I was ready to fall asleep. . . .

This Methodical old Coxcomb, that always went as regular as a Pendulum, imagined all the World either were, or ought to be, of his unpleasant humour, but he was much mistaken in us for though we never pleaded for a Criminal Liberty, we hated form and slavish observations of old Customs, and what our Inclinations led us to, that we generally gratified ourselves in.

But to return to Sir *Formal* (who failed not of making his Character good) he made Love to me in a manner quite different from other Men, for he much enlarged on his own Virtues, Merits, and upon the Conquests he had made, and mightily extolled his good Humour and Moderation; Giving us to understand he was a great Philosopher, had studied Self Denial, the Most of any Man. I heard him with Patience for the Knight being taken up wholly with his own good Qualities, I found I had nothing more to do, than to hearken to him, and this first Visit was the only diverting one I ever had from him, for his Entertainment was absolutely new. My Mother was gone abroad, when he first came in but his Visits being of the usual Longitude of six Hours, he was not gone, before she returned home.

A JOLLY YOUNG LEVITE

I HAVE only two People whose Characters I am to acquaint you with, that lived in the House, with my Grandmother; one of 'em was the Chaplain, a jolly young *Levite*, very amorous, and susceptible of Love, his conversation not impertinent, and they tell me, he passed amongst his Brother Spintext's for a man of very good Parts, and made no small figure at a Country Visitation. . . .

Mr. Spintext, the Chaplain, who unknown to me, was become my humble Admirer. This *Levite* has often entertained me with his Poetry, and Sylvia, Phillis, and Cloris were oftentimes repeated, that I supposed him a general Lover of the Sex, he would beg my opinion of his Poems, and as I was no judge of the Excellencies of his Performances, I commended those Verses the least elevated, and found the most fault where his flights were the most surprising. But these errors in my judgment he easily excused as Mountain faults in Lover's Eyes, seem but Mole-holes; but still I did not suspect it was the Theme of these Compositions, till one Morning that I was sitting in the Summer House, in the Garden, for the conveniency of my Painting (there being a North-light) I had only Iris with me, and had not been there an Hour but Mr. Spintext entered under pretence of viewing my Drawings (for I was then but a Learner) but this obliging *Levite*

commended what merited not his applauses, and admired as ignorantly my Paintings, as I his Poetry.

From one discourse to another, he fell upon that of Love, and after he had fetched two or three deep sighs (which was Prologue to what he had to say) he told me I was infinitely esteemed by all that knew me, but in that numerous train of Admirers, none had a greater Veneration for me than himself, and was very Ambitious to be admitted into the Catalogue of my Humble Servants, adding, with a Sigh, that I was the sole Object of his Thoughts and the only Theme of his Poetry. I heard out this Harangue without interrupting him and expressed my resentments for his Boldness, in terms that sufficiently let him see how sensibly I was affronted, that my Grandmother's Chaplain should dare to talk to me of Love, saying that I thought myself in a Sphere too high to be entertained by him with such discourse, that it became him much better to mind his Flock, and to give 'em Spoon-meat in due season; and that the greatest solecism a Divine could be guilty of was to make Love, and that People of his Cloth should never condescend so low as to encourage a foolish Passion, but entertain themselves with their Fathers and Councils.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

1709-1784

BORN at Lichfield, the son of a bookseller with occasional business extending to Birmingham, Uttoxeter and Ashby-de-la-Zouch, the Lexicographer is reputed to have shown marvellous precocity in childhood, inheriting his father's powerful, but indolent, frame, and most "vile melancholy". He learnt his letters from one Jane Brown who published a spelling-book "dedicated to the Universe", and Latin in Lichfield School, regularly carried thither, we are told, by three admiring schoolfellows.

Though always reading, apparently without method, and fond of using his pen, Johnson's character must have been very slowly formed; and the two years' "lounging" at home after schooldays, his "frolicsome" record at Oxford, and, above all, his "lax talk against religion", scarcely prepare us for the great man so intimately immortalized by the good Boswell.

After some desultory schoolmastering and hack-work for the booksellers, he married Mrs. Porter in 1735; who, being twenty years his senior, may be forgiven for taking the "most

sensible man " she had ever met. They now took a house in Edial, near Lichfield, where " young gentlemen are boarded and taught the Greek and Latin languages ": a hopeless experiment, only memorable in after years from the attendance of David Garrick, with whom Johnson migrated to London in 1737, with the traditional empty pockets, in search of fame and work.

What followed has now long been a part of History. The early struggles and ferocious independence of Johnson, his personal uncouthness and startling arrogance, the monumental undertaking of the Dictionary, the continual melancholy and ill-health, reveal a personality no less unique than the amazing Dictatorship he ultimately achieved and long enjoyed.

It was his personality and the influence it gave him, not his work, that made him great. There is nothing written—save Boswell's *Life*—that is worthy of the man. Yet he abolished the Patron and founded the Profession of Letters; he established English prose; and won the respect of all men concerned with, or producing, the Art of his Age.

His life was passed between the Club and the garret; with restful interludes at home with Mrs. Thrale. His chief employments were conversation, intermittent writing, somewhat ungainly philandering with clever ladies; and a few carefully arranged tours about the country for sentiment and observation. Though essentially

the prophet of common sense, he indulged at times in violent prejudices and, on the other hand, secretly practised the most genuine and generous charity—towards those so ungrateful and disagreeable that no one else would help them.

In spite of everything, there can be no doubt that Johnson thoroughly enjoyed a great part of his life, and was not without material reward. No doubt he appreciated the flattery few failed to accord. But neither temperament nor physique ever allowed him any continuous peace or comfort; and everything conspired to wear out body and mind. Attacks of gout, asthma and dropsy became more frequent as the years passed, and the final operations his surgeon advised proved of no avail. His will, made four days before his death, shows a composed mind, ready to leave his friends, much occupied with religious emotion.

FROM *RASSELAS*

THE HAPPY VALLEY

THE valley, wide and fruitful, supplied its inhabitants with the necessities of life; and all delights and superfluities were added at the annual visit which the emperor paid his children, when the iron gate was opened to the sound of music; and during eight days, every one that resided in the valley was required to propose whatever might contribute to make seclusion pleasant, to fill up the vacancies of attention, and lessen the tediousness of time. Every desire was immediately granted. All the artificers of pleasure were called to gladden the festivity; the musicians exerted the power of harmony, and the dancers shewed their activity before the princes, in hopes that they should pass their lives in blissful captivity, to which those only were admitted whose performance was thought able to add novelty to luxury. Such was the appearance of security and delight which this retirement afforded, that they to whom it was new always desired that it might be perpetual; and as those on whom the iron gate had once closed were never suffered to return, the effect of longer experience could

not be known. Thus every year produced new scenes of delight, and new competitors for imprisonment. . . .

Here the sons and daughters of Abyssinia lived only to know the soft vicissitudes of pleasure and repose, attended by all that were skilful to delight, and gratified with whatever the senses can enjoy. They wandered in gardens of fragrance, and slept in fortresses of security. Every art was practised to make them pleased with their own condition. The sages who instructed them told them of nothing but the miseries of public life, and described all beyond the mountains as regions of calamity, where discord was always raging, and where man preyed upon man. To heighten their opinion of their own felicity, they were daily entertained with songs, the subject of which was the happy valley. Their appetites were excited by frequent enumerations of different enjoyments, and revelry and merriment were the business of every hour, from the dawn of morning to the close of the evening.

These methods were generally successful: few of the princes had ever wished to enlarge their bounds, but passed their lives in full conviction that they had all within their reach that art or nature could bestow, and pitied those whom nature had excluded from this seat of tranquillity, as the sport of chance and the slaves of misery.

Thus they rose in the morning and lay down at night, pleased with each other and with themselves,

all but Rasselas, who, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, began to withdraw himself from the pastimes and assemblies, and to delight in solitary walks and silent meditation. . . .

“That I want nothing,” said the prince, “or that I know not what I want, is the cause of my complaint: if I had any known want, I should have a certain wish; that wish would excite endeavour, and I should not then repine to see the sun move so slowly towards the western mountains, or to lament when the day breaks, and sleep will no longer hide me from myself. When I see the kids and the lambs chasing one another, I fancy that I should be happy if I had something to pursue. But, possessing all that I can want, I find one day and one hour exactly like another, except that the latter is still more tedious than the former. Let your experience inform me how the day may now seem as short as in my childhood, while nature was yet fresh, and every moment shewed me what I never had observed before. I have already enjoyed too much: give me something to desire.” The old man was surprised at this new species of affliction, and knew not what to reply, yet was unwilling to be silent. “Sir,” said he, “if you had seen the miseries of the world, you would know how to value your present state.” “Now,” said the prince, “you have given me something to desire: I shall long to see the miseries of the world, since the sight of them is necessary to happiness.”

THE EVILS OF PRIVATE LIFE

THE princess, in the meantime, insinuated herself into many families: for there are few doors through which liberality, joined with good-humour, cannot find its way. The daughters of many houses were airy and cheerful: but Nekayah had been too long accustomed to the conversation of Imlac and her brother, to be much pleased with childish levity and prattle which had no meaning. She found their thoughts narrow, their wishes low, and their merriment often artificial. Their pleasures, poor as they were, could not be preserved pure, but were embittered by petty competitions and worthless emulation. They were always jealous of the beauty of each other; of a quality to which solicitude can add nothing, and from which detraction can take nothing away. Many were in love with triflers like themselves, and many fancied that they were in love, when in truth they were only idle. Their affection was not fixed on sense or virtue, and therefore seldom ended but in vexation. Their grief, however, like their joy, was transient; everything floated in their mind unconnected with the past or future, so that one desire easily gave way to another, as a second stone, cast into the water, effaces and confounds the circles of the first.

With these girls she played as with inoffensive

animals, and found them proud of her countenance, and weary of her company.

But her purpose was to examine more deeply, and her affability easily persuaded the hearts that were swelling with sorrow to discharge their secrets in her ear; and those whom hope flattered, or prosperity delighted, often courted her to partake their pleasure.

The princess and her brother commonly met in the evening in a private summer-house on the banks of the Nile, and related to each other the occurrences of the day. As they were sitting together, the princess cast her eyes upon the river that flowed before her. "Answer," said she, "great father of waters, thou that rollest thy floods through eighty nations, to the invocations of the daughter of thy native king: tell me if thou waterest, through all thy course, a single habitation from which thou dost not hear the murmurs of complaint."

"You are then," said Rasselas, "not more successful in private houses than I have been in courts." "I have, since the last partition of our provinces," said the princess, "enabled myself to enter familiarly into many families, where there was the fairest show of prosperity and peace, and know not one house that is not haunted by some fury that destroys their quiet.

"I did not seek ease among the poor, because I concluded that there it could not be found. But I saw many poor whom I had supposed to live

in affluence. Poverty has, in large cities, very different appearances; it is often concealed in splendour, and often in extravagance. It is the care of a very great part of mankind to conceal their indigence from the rest: they support themselves by temporary expedients, and every day is lost in contriving for the morrow.

“This, however, was an evil, which, though frequent, I saw with less pain, because I could relieve it. Yet some have refused my bounties; more offended with my quickness to detect their wants, than pleased with my readiness to succour them: and others whose exigencies compelled them to admit my kindness, have never been able to forgive their benefactress. Many, however, have been sincerely grateful without the ostentation of gratitude, or the hope of other favours.”

Nekayah, perceiving her brother's attention fixed, proceeded in her narrative.

“In families, where there is or is not poverty, there is commonly discord: if a kingdom be, as Imlac tells us, a great family, a family likewise is a little kingdom, torn with factions and exposed to revolutions. An unpractised observer expects the love of parents and children to be constant and equal: but this kindness seldom continues beyond the years of infancy: in a short time the children become rivals to their parents. Benefits are allayed by reproaches, and gratitude debased by envy.

“Parents and children seldom act in concert;

each child endeavours to appropriate the esteem or fondness of the parents; and the parents, with yet less temptation, betray each other to their children; thus some place their confidence in the father, and some in the mother, and by degrees the house is filled with artifices and feuds.

“The opinions of children and parents, of the young and the old, are naturally opposite, by the contrary effects of hope and despondence, of expectation and experience, without crime or folly on either side. The colours of life in youth and age appear different, as the face of nature in spring and winter. And how can children credit the assertions of parents, which their own eyes shew them to be false?

“Few parents act in such a manner as much to enforce their maxims by the credit of their lives. The old man trusts wholly to slow contrivance and gradual progression: the youth expects to force his way by genius, vigour, and precipitance. The old man pays regard to riches, and the youth reverences virtue. The old man deifies prudence: the youth commits himself to magnanimity and chance. The young man, who intends no ill, believes that none is intended, and therefore acts with openness and candour: but his father, having suffered the injuries of fraud, is impelled to suspect, and too often allured to practise it. Age looks with anger on the temerity of youth, and youth with contempt on the scrupulosity of age. Thus parents and children, for

the greatest part, live on, to love less and less: and, if those whom nature has thus closely united are the torments of each other, where shall we look for tenderness and consolation? "

" Surely," said the prince, " you must have been unfortunate in your choice of acquaintance: I am unwilling to believe that the most tender of all relations is thus impeded in its effects by natural necessity."

" Domestic discord," answered she, " is not inevitably and fatally necessary; but yet it is not easily avoided. We seldom see that a whole family is virtuous: the good and the evil cannot well agree; and the evil can yet less agree with one another: even the virtuous fall sometimes to variance, when their virtues are of different kinds, and tending to extremes. In general, those parents have most reverence who most deserve it; for he that lives well cannot be despised.

" Many other evils infest private life. Some are the slaves of servants whom they have trusted with their affairs. Some are kept in continual anxiety by the caprice of rich relations, whom they cannot please and dare not offend. Some husbands are imperious, and some wives perverse: and, as it is always more easy to do evil than good, though the wisdom or virtue of one can very rarely make many happy, the folly or vice of one may make many miserable."

" If such be the effect of marriage," said the prince, " I shall for the future think it dangerous

to connect my interest with that of another, lest I should be unhappy by my partner's fault."

"I have met," said the princess, "with many who live single for that reason; but I never found that their prudence ought to raise envy. They dream away their time without friendship, without fondness; and are driven to rid themselves of the day, for which they have no use, by childish amusements or vicious delights. They act as beings under the constant sense of some known inferiority, that fills their minds with rancour, and their tongues with censure. They are peevish at home, and malevolent abroad; and, as the out-laws of human nature, make it their business and their pleasure to disturb that society which debars them from its privileges. To live without feeling or exciting sympathy, to be fortunate without adding to the felicity of others, or afflicted without tasting the balm of pity, is a state more gloomy than solitude: it is not retreat, but exclusion from mankind. Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasures."

IDLE WISHES

THE princess thought, that, of all sublunary things, knowledge was the best. She desired first to learn all sciences, and then proposed to found a college of learned women, in which she would preside, that, by conversing with the old, and educating the young, she might divide her

time between the acquisition and communication of wisdom, and raise up for the next age models of prudence and patterns of piety.

The prince desired a little kingdom, in which he might administer justice in his own person, and see all the parts of government with his own eyes; but he could never fix the limits of his dominion, and was always adding to the number of his subjects.

Imlac and the astronomer were contented to be driven along the stream of life, without directing their course to any particular port.

Of these wishes that they had formed, they well knew that none could be obtained. They deliberated a while what was to be done, and resolved, when the inundation should cease, to return to Abyssinia.

I

A LIST OF TITLES

RICHARD STEELE

- The Tatler.* 1709-1711. [By Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.]
The Spectator. 1711-1712.
The Guardian. 1713.
The Englishman. 1713-1714.
The Lover. 1714. [By Marmaduke Myrtle, Gent.]
The Reader. 1714.

Also

- The Christian Hero:* or, An Argument proving that no principles but those of Religion are sufficient to make a Great Man. 1701. [Written to cure himself of bad habits acquired in the Army.]
The Importance of Dunkirk Considered. 1713. [In a Letter to the Bailiff of Stockbridge.]
The Crisis: or, a discourse representing, from the most authentic records, the just causes of the late happy revolution. . . . With some seasonable remarks on the danger of a popish succession. 1713.
The Ladies Library. Written by a Lady. 1714. ["General rules for conduct in all the circumstances of the Life of Women": a compilation from Jeremy Taylor, Locke, etc. With a batch of interesting "Dedications" by Steele.]
Steele's Apology for Himself and his Writings: occasioned by his expulsion from the House of Commons. 1714. [And political pamphlets.]

An Account of the Fish Pool. 1718. [A project for bringing fish to London *alive*, on which Steele lost money.]

PLAYS

The Funeral: or, Grief A la Mode. [A Comedy.] 1702.

The Lying Lover: or, the Ladies' Friendship. 1704. [A Comedy.]

The Tender Husband: or, the Accomplish'd Fools. [A Comedy.] 1705.

The Conscious Lovers. [A Comedy.] 1723.

JOSEPH ADDISON

Papers in the *Tatler*. 1709–1710.

The *Whig Examiner*. 1710.

The *Spectator*. 1711–1712 and 1714.

The *Guardian*. 1713.

The *Freeholder*. 1716.

The *Old Whig*. 1719.

Also

A Poem to his Majesty presented by the Lord Keeper. 1695.

Letter from Italy to the Right Hon. Charles Ld. Halifax. 1703. [A Poem.]

Remarks on Several Parts of Italy. 1705.

The Late Trial and Conviction of Count Tariff. 1713.

Dialogues on Medals and Evidences of the Christian Religion. Published in his "Works". 1721.

and the Plays

Fair Rosamond. 1707. [An Opera in 3 acts.]

The Drummer. 1716. [A prose Comedy.]

Cato. 1713. [A Tragedy.]

DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE

Nature's Pictures drawn by Fancies' Pencil to the Life.

Written by the thrice noble, illustrious and excellent Princess, the Lady Marchioness of Newcastle. 1656.

[In this volume there are several feigned stories of natural descriptions, as comical, tragical, and tragicomical, both in prose and verse, some all verse, some all prose, some mixt, partly prose, and partly verse. Also there are some Morals, and some dialogues; but they are as the Advantage loaves of bread to a Baker's dozen; and a true story at the latter end, wherein there is no feigning. The Duchess dedicates this volume "To Pastime"; and opens with several addresses "to her readers". It contains a frontispiece of "the family", sitting round a table, telling stories "of pleasure and of wit". *First* edition also contains: "The True Relation of the Birth, Breeding, and Life of Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle, Written by Herself", afterwards omitted.]

CCXI Sociable Letters. Written by the thrice noble . . . Marchioness of Newcastle. 1664. ["These are rather scenes than letters, for I have endeavoured to express the humours of mankind and the actions of man's life, by the correspondence of two ladies living at some distance from each other."]

Description of a New World, called the Blazing World. Written by the thrice Noble, etc. 1668. [A Utopian description or allegory, directed against the opinions of her own day. Sometimes printed with *Observations upon Experimental Philosophy*.]

Also

Philosophical Fancies. 1653.

Poems and Fancies. 1653.

Philosophical and Physical Opinions. 1655. Re-issued,

with many alterations, as *Grounds of Natural Philosophy*. 1668.

The World's Olio. 1655.

Plays. 1662. [21 plays.]

Plays never before Printed. 1668. [5 plays.]

Philosophical Letters; or Modest Reflections upon some opinions in Natural Philosophy maintained by several learned authors of the Age. [1664.]

Orations of Divers Sorts. [1662.]

The Life of William Cavendish, Duke, Marquis, and Earl of Newcastle, Earl of Ogle, Viscount Mansfield, and Baron of Bolsover, of Ogle, Bothal, and Hepple, etc. 1667.

Selections from her Poems, of which the fairy pieces rank with Herrick, have been edited during the nineteenth century; and with her Lives of herself and the Duke, are included in Everyman's Library.

WILLIAM CONGREVE

Incognita: or, Love and Duty Reconcil'd. 1692. [By Wm. Congreve.] "Written in the idle hours of a fortnight's time."

Also

Some "Verses", the Character of Lady Elizabeth Hastings in the *Tatler* and

PLAYS

The Old Bachelor. 1692. [Written to "amuse himself in a slow recovery from a fit of sickness".]

The Double Dealer. 1693.

Love for Love. 1695.

The Mourning Bride. 1697.

The Way of the World. 1700.

Amendment of Mr. Collier's False and Imperfect Citations. 1697. [A reply to Collier's famous "View".]

GEORGE FARQUHAR

The Adventures of Covent Garden. 1699. In imitation of Scarron's *City Romance* [to which, in fact, its resemblance is very slight. Dedicated—"To all my ingenious acquaintances at Will's Coffee House".]

This was dramatized by Farquhar, as *The Constant Couple.* 1700, and

Love and a Bottle. 1699.

Sir Harry Wildair. 1701. [A continuation of above.]

The Inconstant. 1702. [Or, The Way to Win him.]

The Twin Rivals. 1702.

The Stage Coach. 1704.

The Recruiting Officer. 1706.

The Beaux' Stratagem. 1707.

Also

Love and Business, with a Discourse upon Comedy, in reference to the English Stage. [A volume of mixed prose and verse.] 1702.

The authorship of the *Adventures of Covent Garden*, not hitherto universally accepted, will be shortly established on the re-issue of Farquhar's *Works*, to appear shortly, edited by Mr. C. A. Stonehill.

THOMAS BROWN

The Adventures of Lindamira, a Lady of Quality.

Written by her own hand to her friend in the Country;

in 4 parts, revised and corrected by T. Brown. 8vo.

2s. For R. Wellington at Dolphin and Crown.

Feb. 1702.

The Lover's Secretary: or, the Adventures of Lindamira, A Lady of Quality. Written to her friend in the

Country. In XXIV. Letters. Revis'd and corrected by Mr. Tho. Brown. 2nd edition. 1713.
 [Issued from "The Dolphin and Crown in St. Paul's Churchyard . . . where is sold all sorts of plays and novels".]

DR. JOHNSON

Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia. 1759.

Also

London. 1738. [Imitation of third Satire of Juvenal.]

Life of Richard Savage. 1744.

The Vanity of Human Wishes. 1749. [Tenth Satire of Juvenal, imitated.]

Irene. [A Tragedy.] 1749.

The Rambler. 1750-1752. [*The Idler*. 1758-1760.]

A Dictionary. 1755. [With a Grammar and History of the English Language.]

Life of Ascham. [Preface to Ascham's Works.] 1763.

Plays of William Shakespeare, with Notes. 8 vols. 1765.

The False Alarm. 1770.

Thoughts on the late Transactions respecting Falcon Islands. 1771.

The Patriot. 1774.

A Journey to the Western Isles of Scotland. 1775.

Taxation no Tyranny. 1775.

Prefaces Biographical and Critical to the Works of the Most Eminent English Poets. 1779-1781. [Reprinted as *Lives of the Poets*.]

II

OTHER WRITERS

THE singularly happy partnership of Addison and Steele brought the magazine periodical to something approaching perfection at its birth; and, partly maybe for that reason, their numerous imitators achieved nothing worthy to be remembered. Johnson's *Idler* was probably the best; but his ponderous intellect was not really suited to the *Essay* or the *Tale*, however excellent in actual biography.

The immediate period, moreover, was temporarily dominated by a brief sparkle of play-writing, the natural reaction from Puritan control; and the older fiction-forms, often reborn in such religious allegories as Richard Bernard's *Isle of Man*, or the Legal Proceeding in Manshire against Sinne (1626), which reached a fifteenth edition before the appearance of *Pilgrim's Progress*, were most popular among readers uninfluenced by the Court.

There were also many narratives, not properly fiction, like the poorly written, anonymous, *Player's Tragedy*, or Fatal Love (1693), a mere *réchauffé* of the brutal murder of Captain Hill by Mountfort and Lord Mahon; Mrs. Manley's *New Atlantis*, and other suspected Scandals in High Life. Burlesques appeared of the Romance; foreign spicy stories were translated; the so-called "Histories" of Aphra Behn (to be discussed in Vol. III.) and Eliza Haywood were widely read.

But, for the moment, fiction of any lasting worth scarcely existed outside the important experiments represented here.

There was, however, a curious, and possibly unique, experiment of this period in which a private letter was *used* as fiction. When the dramatist, Sir George Etherege, was in Germany (1689), he found the ladies so "intolerably reserved and virtuous", that he was driven to spend his time "squabbling and deliberating with persons of beard and gravity, how to preserve the balance of Christendom". To relieve such tedium, he wrote to the Duke of Buckingham an amusing little character sketch, no more than 17 pages in print, of a lively Frenchwoman, who had kept up "the vivacity and air and good humour" of her native land; but, on her husband's death, chose to bury herself in tears—"her chamber, her anti-chamber, and pro-anti-chamber were hung with black; nay the very candles, her fan, and tea-table wore the livery of grief".

Etherege, however, forced his way into her retreat and persuaded her to consult her mirror. The lady was horrified at what she saw; immediately reversed her conduct, and "married a smooth-chinned ensign of Count Traumandorf's regiment, that had not a farthing in the world but his pay to depend upon".

This letter was printed in the Duke of Buckingham's *Miscellaneous Works* (1704); and when Bishop Percy, editor of *Ballads*, was collecting the "six short histories" which compose *The Matrons* [of China, Ephesia, France, Britain, Turkey and Rome] (1762), he printed this letter, as "The French Matron"; among "half-a-dozen pleasant stories thrown together—with the primary intention of enlivening a dull or vacant hour—but not without the further moral view of deterring the fair reader from falling into that misconduct which is here so pleasantly exposed to ridicule. . . . Such important lessons will the slightest novel suggest to the well-disposed mind."

Precisely so might Steele or Addison have written of their little tales: such was the novel as then understood.

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